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Field-Sports for May.

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Then came blithe May, the fifth of the fair year;
Her chariot was, aye, girt about with flowers,
And lasses all bedizened did appear,
With choicest garlands culled from new made bowers;
Sweet-scented gales prevailed, and mildest showers
Poured influence on the Spring;—whilst Chanticleer
Woke up his dames at milk-maids' earliest hours.
Though mute be hunter's horn, and the brisk chase
Sweeps not now onwards, as afore it went,
Still doth the month (Apollo's) with meek face,
The angler's dainty art most deftly grace,
Granting him joys by rippling waters spent;
Whilst mettled coursers, 'neath her destinies,
Struggling attain the goal, or pant for golden prize.

FIRST the shooter's, then the courser's and the hare-hunter's field-amusements were for a season stayed, and now the most spirit-stirring of all sports must, also, for awhile cease. No fox-hunter ought to halloo his pack after their prey when village-maidens have asserted the prerogative of Apollo's month, by curtseying at his gate with their May-day garland. There are, however, sportsmen to be found, and they who consider themselves right good ones, too, who make it a custom, as we have on former occasions observed, to conclude the season by killing, or attempting to do so, a May fox; they are not aware what mischief may arise from such an injudicious proceeding. A few words, unless to those who will not understand, must sufficiently exemplify this.

In clayey countries, where foxes are unable to form their subterranean abodes, the cubs must be deposited above ground, (generally at the foot of a tree, or at the bottom of a bush,) and, consequently, when hunting is prolonged to an unreasonable period, must frequently fall victims to the hounds. It is true that in such countries, shelter for the young is sometimes found in the crevices of a friendly rock; not so, however, very frequently; the places we have already mentioned being generally the cradle of the cubs, many of which are devoured by the hounds when drawing, whilst the huntsman and his assistants remain, perhaps, in complete ignorance of the sacrifice. Whenever fox-hounds are taken out for the purpose of hunting, they have generally a keen appetite; for they are fed in the early part of the preceding day, and receive nothing more in the way of food till after they have performed their

duty in the field. The temptation, therefore, of a morning's meal, such as the unsheltered and unprotected cubs offer, is not easily resisted and such, consequently, fall a prey, when otherwise, and in a brief space of time, they might have afforded that diversion and exercise which is the foxhunter's "madness of delight." Even in countries abounding with earths,* cubs will frequently be deposited above ground, and, therefore, *in all cases*, fox-hunting in May should, without doubt, be avoided.

The *otter* will, as soon as the weather becomes sufficiently mild for the dogs taking the water, afford diversion to those sportsmen who reside in the neighbourhood of lakes, rivers, &c. where these animals are to be found. In Devonshire, near Barnstaple, we believe this amusement is spiritedly followed.

Young rooks, during the present month, will show themselves on the outside of their nests, and give employment to the cross-bow and air-gun. In many places these birds are killed with the fowling-piece, which, however, we are old-fashioned enough to deem not exactly in character with the diversion.

Falconry may be said to have declined ever since the introduction of the fowling-piece, yet it is not utterly extinct; nor is it, perhaps, likely to become so, since there must always be found admirers of this highly interesting diversion. Of its supporters, Colonel Thornhill, mentioned in our last, is a peculiarly ardent one. The season, as yet, is not sufficiently advanced for procuring young hawks, as these birds (which sit generally, we believe, a month on their eggs) are seldom hatched before June. That fierce, beautiful, and useful hawk, the *hobby*, breeds in most of the mountainous regions of the north of England, and also in the Highlands of Scotland. In the latter country, the falcon and tiercel are to be found, as well as a variety of the tribe well calculated for the amusement of falconry.

On this month the hopes of the shooter, in a great degree, may be said to depend, particularly in regard to partridges and pheasants. It is the period when these birds deposit their eggs, and commence the silent work of incubation. The great, or general hatch takes place in the early part or the middle of June; and, therefore, if the months of May and June prove dry, plenty of birds may be confidently anticipated; but if much rain fall during the period in question, a great part of the nascent progeny will perish, either in the shell, or immediately on hatching.

It may not be out of place to mention that the early part of

* We would mention, as a case in point, the Quorndon country. At Cloud-Wood, the earths are very large and strong, and yet cubs are sometimes found *above ground* in that neighbourhood. Scarcely a year passes, we should suppose, that the same does not occur in the rough cover called Groc-dien Park, (where there are no earths,) though the great and extensive earths of Cloud Wood are only a short distance. We beg to refer our readers to an article from their old acquaintance "T." for a little more touching breeding foxes, &c. in a subsequent page of this number.

March was remarkable for the mildness of the atmosphere; and this circumstance had considerable influence on the feathered creation. Towards the middle of the month, however, the weather became more than seasonably severe, and so continued to the end of it; this change caused a sort of re-action, and retarded what would otherwise have been a very forward breeding season. On the 17th of March, the nest of a partridge, containing three eggs, fell under our observation, which, as an instance of very early nidification and laying, we here record. However, it but too frequently happens that the eggs thus precociously deposited are destroyed by weasels, polecats, crows, magpies, and principally too from want of that protection or covering, which a more advanced state of vegetation would not fail to afford them. Early mowing is frequently very destructive to the breeding of partridges and pheasants; and, on this account, gamekeepers should watch these birds with uncommon care, and drive them, if possible, from clover and other grasses, which are likely to meet the sithe at an early period. The best situations for the nestling, incubation, and hatching of the partridges and pheasants are amongst the young wheats: the eggs are thus afforded the most secure protection, and the young, on hatching, find their favourite food immediately before them.

As there was plenty of foxes remaining at the conclusion of the season, we speak of the end of April, so, also, hares appear to have been left in abundance, nay, there are already great numbers of leverets. In fact, these objects of the sportsman's pursuit, (hares,) it would appear, almost always breed well: the weather, in general, has no ill effect upon them; the only disease with which they are occasionally afflicted is that epidemic (somewhat analagous to the rot in sheep) which is produced by a wet winter, and by which hundreds of them are swept away, particularly when they lie on the low and marshy grounds. The other field-sports of the month are such which are principally afforded by the race-course and the pigeon-shooter's arena. Of these we shall speak as they occur in other portions of our work.

Angling.

“ On the banks of some peaceful stream,
 If thou lovest a quiet joy,
 We'll bid thee forget the tedious dream,
 The struggle of life for Fortune's beam,
 Which the worldly wise employ.
 Then let the prey in covert rest,
 The game nestle in field and wood,
 And change the *scarlet* for *fisher's* vest,
 The stubble and chase for the *flood*;
 For kindly doth Nature to *Anglers* appear,
 Though winter is gone, for the May-days are here.” J.F.S.

Brother anglers, for we that write this are of the craft, and we

doat upon "sweetest Izaak," and put his precepts into practice.— Brother anglers, the period is come for us to be busy ;—" now's the time, and now's the hour," and we would not give a farthing for any one who claims the revered name of "Piscator," who does not now flee to the

" White and silent river,
That runneth through meads,
And 'tween flagged reeds,
Singing joy to the angle for ever."

Now it is that most of the kinds of fresh-water fish come into season, and that the various tackle invented for their capture may be wielded with effect. As yet the silver-sided trout, the pearl-laced humber and grayling, have not grown shy and wary, and the young river-sportsman will assuredly have a better chance of filling his pannier than at a later period of the season. When the sun of summer warms the vast multitude of insects that June and July give birth to into life, and the May-fly is strong upon the water, it will require more patience, perseverance, and skill, than it now requires to raise the spotted prize, or hook the fattened and well-conditioned prey.

Barbel, perch, chub, carp, eels, &c. will all now, and at most parts of the day, gorge the bait, and are mostly to be taken by bottom-fishing. *Cads* and *gentles* are pretty certain enticements. Till the heel of the month, *gudgeons* will remain in good condition ; and when they go out, the anglers in the Thames or the Lea river, that one so mixed up with our cheeriest reminiscences, will find an admirable substitute in the prettily-spotted little fish called the *skegger*, which may be taken either with the fly or with the red-worm. In our earlier numbers, we, however, observed that this delicate fish was becoming scarce in the rivers we have mentioned ; whereas, our good old friend Mr. Salter has told us that, a few years since, he was accustomed to *basket* many dozens daily in May and June. When there is work to be done, a long preparatory lecture is decidedly out of place. Anglers have been taught what is their trade by wiser folks than ourselves ; we now tell them this is the season to hie to the brooks and waters, and practise it ; and may each of them give a better account of himself than a certain fisherman poet, who confesses

" I have oft tried to be a fisher,
And still for the angle sigh now—
But my rod is in pickle,
My lines are fickle,
And my hook is all my eye now !
I have taken thy work to the water,
And long angled *per* Piscator :
But to fish by the book,
In the fishiest brook,
I find is against my *natur* !"

**SUMMERING OF HUNTERS—PRACTICAL OPINIONS AND PROOFS
AGAINST THE NEW SYSTEM OF—ARAB HORSES, THEIR TREAT-
MENT—CHESHIRE HOUNDS AND DELAMERE FOREST—MANGE
IN FOXES—SIR THOMAS STANLEY'S PACK.**

To The Editor of the Annals of Sporting.

SIR,—In my last, I gave you but a slight account of the beautiful run with the Cheshire hounds, which took place on Saturday, February 11. Taken altogether, it was a most brilliant thing; the weather and the state of the ground being favourable to hunting, and the fox killed in very handsome style. However, as the day was not far spent, and as neither horses nor hounds appeared distressed, the word was given for Rock-savage. I am aware that hounds will frequently run their second fox more steadily, and in better style, than their first, particularly at the commencement of the season, or when, from frost or other causes, they have not been regularly out; yet no hounds in the world could have behaved better, or have acquitted themselves with more unqualified credit, than did the Cheshire on the occasion I have mentioned; indeed, I was so satisfied with the run that I did not accompany them to Rock-savage; but turned my face towards Sandiway-head, and had not proceeded many score yards, when I was overtaken by Mr. France. This gentleman, who is a good and a keen sportsman, was upon a fine powerful gray horse, a native of the Emerald Isle (if I am not mistaken), and an excellent hunter; yet I have seen him better mounted; for instance, at Ravensmoor, near Nantwich, on Friday, February 3, when he rode a brown horse; but I never saw him badly horsed: and his repeatedly winning the hunter's stake at Tarporley Races is no weak proof of his judgement in horsh-flesh. I found, however, and hence I more particularly mention it, facts being stubborn things, that Mr. France was no advocate for the system of *summering hunters in the stable*; a plan which *originated with the Earl of Plymouth*, and which, through the medium of the press, has, for the last two or three years, very much

excited the attention of sportsmen; but which the most strenuous exertions of the mighty engine I have just mentioned will never be able to render feasible in this *age of common sense and simple reason*. Mr. France made a number of very judicious remarks on summering hunters; but the Earl of Plymouth's plan he considered as *contrary to nature*, and, consequently, injurious to the animal. In calling it the Earl of Plymouth's, I am, perhaps, saddling upon his Lordship what did not absolutely originate from his own brain; but I think I am correct, when I say it was first practised in his stables; but it is very probable the actual idea (of what appears to me a monstrous absurdity) originated with his Lordship's groom.

On this subject, I had a good deal of conversation with the Rev. Mr. James Tomkinson, as well as with several other members of the Tarporley Hunt; gentlemen who, from well practised experience, had acquired a superior knowledge of the horse, and of the hunter in particular; *all of whom* were decidedly opposed to the method of summering hunters in the stable.

In our treatment of the noble animal under consideration, we should, perhaps, adhere as strictly to nature as the domesticated situation of the hunter will allow. But the advocates of the system I deprecate will probably answer that, as the horse has been reduced to a state of servitude by man, as he has thus been compelled to adopt, as it were, an artificial mode of life, so an artificial mode of treatment becomes indispensable. This, to a certain extent, may be correct, but not so far as to confine a horse throughout the year in the stable; on the contrary, what, for the sake of distinction, may be called artificial treatment, will be found, on examination, very little at variance with the system which sin-

ple nature would point out ; that is, supposing the animal to be summered, not in the stable, but according to long-established custom, and which still continues the general practice, notwithstanding all that has been said and vaunted to the contrary.

If we look at the horse in a state of unlimited freedom, we shall find that a great degree of heat is in no wise injurious to his constitution ; that, in fact, he is found in a state of nature only in very warm latitudes, and where he attains the greatest perfection ; whilst, in the colder regions, where we find him of semi-domesticated, as it were, the illeffect of the climate is evident from his diminutive size, his uncouth appearance, and his inferior form : but, to place the matter in a clearer and more distinct point of view, we have only to image to the mind the Arabian horse and the Highland sheltie.

If, then, we admit that Arabia is the country most congenial to the horse, —where, in a wild state, he exhibits that beauty of form, and all those qualities which are most esteemed in this noble animal ; if, I say, this position be admitted, (and no one will be hardly enough to deny it,) we shall find that the natives of this part of the world adopt a system of treatment which would appear the very reverse of that which has been so strenuously recommended by one writer, at least, of more than ordinary ability.

Amidst the burning heats of the sandy deserts, then, the horse, far from being shut up in a stable, continues the whole day exposed to the almost scorching rays of the sun, to a degree of heat indeed unknown in these milder regions, without sustaining the least injury, or any diminishment of his beautiful form or his native vigour. The steeds of the Arabs, when not mounted, are kept, ready saddled, at the tent-door ; such, at least, is the account rendered us by those who have visited their country, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of the statement. Their horses, thus treated, are capable, it seems, of enduring uncommon fatigue, traversing a much greater ex-

tent of country than could be accomplished with the pampered steeds of Europe ; though they are certainly not summered in the stable.

But the leading advocate of summering hunters in the stable, not even satisfied with promulgating a system at variance with all former notions on the subject, as well as with the very nature of the animal itself, has lately been stating, that *to keep hunters at work on the hard road all the summer is preferable to turning them out to grass !* How strange must such doctrine seem to our stage-coach proprietors, the appearance of whose horses are lamentably illustrative of the effects of a hard road, especially as such embrace every possible opportunity of turning their horses out to grass ; and I have been informed, by several of these gentlemen, that, when a horse is completely worked out, or no longer able to continue his running, that a few weeks at grass will restore him to his wonted energy and vigour ; indeed I have not the most remote doubt of the fact. If, therefore, the beaten and jaded coach-horse finds so much benefit from a few weeks' run at grass, why should not the *wearied hunter* experience similar relief ? Grass is the natural food of the horse, and surely it must be most palatable, as well as most beneficial, when he is allowed to crop it himself. *Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurrit*—Nature, Nature is omnipotent !

I am aware that flies are very tormenting to horses in hot weather ; and as hunters are deprived of their natural means of defence against them, it is highly advisable to provide them with an artificial substitute. The tail is the natural instrument with which the horse would defend himself against fleas ; and it is an instrument admirably and effectually adapted for the purpose. Were horses' tails suffered to grow as nature intended, we should not see that continued stamping of the feet in hot weather, which is uniformly the case where fashion has deprived this elegant quadruped of his posterior appendage ; the hunter is thus mutilated ; and should, there-

fore, when turned out to grass, be provided with a stable, or shed, where, during the excessive heat of the day, he may shelter himself from his tormentors.

Further, it is but fair to observe, that hunters are taken into the stable in general before the flies acquire their greatest strength, in the early part of August, for instance; not that I would, on this account, deprive them of the comfort of a shed, or stable, prior to this period; but every one must be well aware that flies are much more troublesome in the latter than in the early part of the summer; and, therefore, if used during the heat of the day, they must be exposed to these numerous and troublesome insects.

To say nothing of the good effects which the horse constitutionally experiences from his natural food and physic, *grass*, his feet, and those of a hunter in particular, are essentially benefitted by the cooling dews of the summer evenings—in a manner, and to an extent, indeed, which it is not possible for any system of stable-discipline to administer. After all, however, and hence I make war with unpopularity, the system of summering hunters in the stable is resorted to but in few instances, and even where it has been tried, it is my opinion that the experiment has been any thing rather than satisfactory. Let us resume a more alluring subject.

On Monday, Feb. 13, the Cheshire hounds met at the Fox and Barrel, on Delamere-forest; the field was not so numerous as usual, as good runs are seldom experienced from this place; but, by giving the foxes on the forest a good rattling every now and then, and by driving them into the open country, it is essentially serviceable to the hunt.

The Fox and Barrel (a public house) is situated close to the main road to Nantwich, at what may be called the south-west end of Delamere-forest, and at this place I arrived, at half-past ten, on the morning of the 13th Feb. the hounds were a minute or two before me.

About a score of sportsmen had already assembled, others were continually coming up.

The hounds proceeded to draw several rough places, or semi-covers, which are situated on the higher grounds to the right of the road, where foxes are frequently met with, but, on this occasion, they did not hold one. On descending and coming into the forest, renard was, however, very soon found, and, after some dodging, went off in the direction of Chester, or rather a little to the left of that ancient city; but the scent was not good, and he was not willing to go far from his strong holds, which are very numerous in this part of the forest, as well as upon its immediate border; yet, after some hustling and turning, he did break, and got into some plantations of Mr. Ashton Hayes (if I be correct in his name). The run continued, and I entertained very sanguine expectations that we should kill; but he was too cunning for us, and, after a chase of more than one hour and a half, he was given up. This hunt was very near being rendered remarkable by the death, not of the fox, but of a much more ponderous being. Whenever the Cheshire hounds hunt in the forest, a considerable number of pedestrians attend them, as the runs on these occasions are considered favourable to that description of sportsmen; and, on the 13th of Feb. if the field did not display its usual numbers in pink, there was no lack of the motley tribe to which I have just alluded. One of these over-eager footmen got amongst some of the horses, (owing to the dodging of the fox,) and run at a low place in the fence, over which several mounted sportsmen had passed, and up to which I was galloping: I called to him the moment I perceived he was rashly running at it, but to no purpose—he turned his head, and grinned with exultation. I could not stop the animal which carried me, and the man sprung and fell, when my mare was within three yards of the spot. I was horrified at the idea of leaping upon him; but my animal, a thorough

hunter, at the moment when I thought she must inevitably come upon, contrived to avoid all mischief by springing completely over him.

Having lost one fox, the hounds proceeded again towards the forest. Will Head did not appear satisfied. "Will," said Mr. James Tomkinson, "I thought you had been going to kill that fox." "I thought so, too," said the huntsman, "but he has beaten us." The hounds were taken to a particular part of the forest, where there is a moss (morass), or bog, of twenty or thirty acres in extent: it is situated in what the Americans would call a *bottom*, the rising ground around it being planted with firs. These fir-plantations are of different growths, from two to ten or twelve years, through which rides have been formed very convenient to the sportsman. On the hounds being thrown into the bog in question, the sportsmen wheeled to the left, and a fox being observed to cross the ride before us, we expected the hounds would come away in that direction; we hallooed, and calmly waited for some minutes; in the mean time, a fox had been found, which went off to the right, and we were completely thrown out. Mr. J. Tomkinson had hallooed as loudly as he was able; but not being answered, I observed him ride away to the right, and, after a lapse of a few minutes, I proceeded in the same direction, leaving Mr. Ashley, Mr. Wilbraham, and several others, waiting beneath the shelter of the well-grown firs on each side. After riding for some minutes, I saw the hounds going sharply away. I was under the necessity of describing a semi-circle, of some extent, before I could get upon their line, but I never reached them, and soon lost all traces of both hounds and horses, and, therefore, on getting into the main road, trotted away for Sandiway-head. I believe the hounds returned to their kennel about the same time that I arrived at the last-mentioned place.

As well as being well stocked with foxes, Delamere holds plenty of rabbits; so that renard, having

food close at hand, has no occasion to ramble far for subsistence. The forest affords good cub-hunting; and, on this account, is very convenient for the Cheshire hounds; but, at an advanced period of the season, foxes will rarely be killed in it; yet they may be rattled out of cover; and thus a constant supply be obtained, should there be a scarcity, in the open country. I know, however, of no hunt better supplied with foxes than the Cheshire; though, in some parts of it, what is called the mange has made its appearance, and has no doubt carried off many of those animals.

That loathsome disease is common enough among dogs, and is produced, in the first instance, by starvation, bad food, and particularly by sleeping in damp or wet situations; it is a most infectious disorder, and may, therefore, be communicated to an almost endless extent; but the disease and its cure are well and generally known; and, therefore, no serious mischief is to be apprehended from it among dogs. But with foxes the case is different—there it is not well understood—and it is somewhat doubtful whether the disease in them, though distinguished by the name, is really analagous to the mange in dogs. They are, no doubt, both diseases of the skin, cutaneous eruptions; but I am inclined to think that the disease with which foxes are affected is different from the mange in dogs; and, perhaps, the remedy which so easily eradicates the latter would not be effective, in the former, and, even if it were, it could not be applied.

How this cutaneous eruption arises amongst foxes, or from what cause it originates, is utterly unknown; though as wet or damp kennels will produce the mange in dogs, it seems not unlikely that it should affect, in like manner, the former. If, however, the cause remains at present in obscurity, the effect does not, and must be deeply lamented by all sportsmen. A fox affected with this disease is not able to stand up many minutes before the hounds: and, if he remain unmolested, he will linger and die; and,

mangy foxes, when found dead, are nearly, if not altogether, destitute of hair. In the grounds of Lord Delamere (Cheshire hunt), and particularly in Pettipool, many have died of this disorder.

The morning of the 14th of February was of that description which indicates a goodly day. The Cheshire hounds did not go out, but those of Mr. Wickstead met at Willow-bridge-bogs, and succeeded in obtaining a very long and a very severe run, distressing in the highest degree to the horses. Owing to changing foxes several times, the chase continued for three hours and forty minutes, and had well nigh proved the destruction of several gallant steeds.

The following day (Wednesday, Feb. 15), the Cheshire hounds met at Duddon-heath, a very favourite fixture, some most extraordinary runs having been obtained from it. Moreover, being situated at a convenient distance from Chester, numerous fields generally assemble. The hounds were thrown into the favourite cover, called Waverton-gorse, and found; but, owing to the crowd, they were unable to get away with their fox. Huxley-gorse was then drawn; no find. — Found in Ashwood, and run to ground.

On the 16th of February, the same hounds met at Tarporley Town End. Found in Caulverley-Old-gorse; and a run of fifty minutes ensued, best pace, to Darnhall; when, unfortunately, a change occurred, and the hounds were ultimately beaten.

On the 18th of February, met at High Legh, where they found, and had a sharp burst of twenty minutes,—to ground. Found again at Harley, and the fox was lost after a very brisk run of thirty-five minutes.

The fixture for the 20th was Sathersford-bridge. The day appeared favourable for hounds; the scent was good. A fox was found and killed. Found again; in fact, a brace, but the hounds could not get away with either of them.

On the 22d, these hounds met at Chelford, and tried a new cover of Sir T. Stanley's; no find. Found

in Black-Down-heath; but could make nothing of it. Found again in Bate-moss; run to Alderley and lost:—one hour.

The following day, at Peover, and unkenelled *two brace*, of which one fox was run to ground. The hounds were then laid on a fox which had been gone fourteen minutes; run him to Toft-moss: lost. Found again at Draketon, and had a very good run of fifty minutes to Red Heath:—killed.

On the 25th of February, the fixture was Beeston-hall. Found on Perfecton-hills, and run, one hour, to ground. Found again, and run to ground. Found again in Perfecton-wood, and run fifty-five minutes, in the low country, the best pace; but renard reached the hills close before the hounds and got to earth.

In one of my former communications, I observed that Lord Belgrave had been erecting kennels, which he has made very complete, with flues, and, indeed, with every convenience. I mention *flues*, as highly advisable, particularly in newly-erected kennels, for the health of the hounds, nothing being more detrimental to these animals than damp; for, to say nothing of the mange, which is the inevitable consequence of damp lodging rooms, it, no doubt, causes that lameness in the shoulder which has frequently made such havoc amongst these interesting quadrupeds, and with which the hounds of Sir Bellingham Graham were much affected at the commencement of the present season. However, in regard to Lord Belgrave's kennels;—the express intention for their erection is not well known; inasmuch as it is not supposed that his Lordship purposes to keep a pack of hounds himself; in fact, there does not appear country sufficient for such a purpose. His Lordship, as well as his brother, Earl Wilton, hunts occasionally with the Cheshire hounds; and, therefore, many suppose, that the lately-erected kennels are for their accommodation; an arrangement of this sort would be convenient enough, and the hounds might then continue, a week at a time, on the side of the coun-

try where his Lordship resides. There is a kennel at Wrenbury, for the temporary accommodation of these hounds when they take that beat; and if this conjecture be correct respecting Lord Belgrave's intentions, it will render the Cheshire hunt more complete. Others, again, are of opinion, that His Lordship purposes inviting Sir Richard Pulestone to hunt the immediate neighbourhood of the new kennels, and, of course, to accommodate Sir Richard's hounds with them. The Baronet's establishment (at Emral, in Flintshire) not being so convenient for the purpose.

On the 7th of March, I met Sir Thomas Stanley's fox hounds, at the village of Upton. Ten o'clock was the appointed time; I reached the village five minutes prior to this period, where I found Mr. Harrison before me, mounted on a goodly-looking bit of chestnut. In about ten or fifteen minutes I observed the approach of the hounds, conducted by two servants in scarlet; they proved to be the first and second whippers-in; the huntsman was detained, from his horse having thrown a shoe on his way from home to the place of meeting; he, however, appeared in a few minutes; and, shortly afterwards, I observed, Mr. Superscoop, a gentleman whom I had repeatedly seen with Sir H. Mainwaring's hounds last season. This gentleman, by birth a Hanoverian, left his own country many years since, and has found that comfortable and peaceable abode in Cheshire which the troublesome state of the continent had denied him.

The hounds continued in the village, as I thought, waiting the arrival of Sir Thomas Stanley, and other sportsmen, for as yet not half a dozen had reached Upton. I should have waited patiently enough if my horse would have been equally content; but that was not the case—he was anxious for the sport, though really a good-tempered animal; he was imported from the sister island some months ago, and, like the free-hearted Hibernians, is somewhat impetuous. But he is young, and there

are few young horses which, having once enjoyed the pleasures of the chase, do not manifest impatience on seeing the hounds, and, as I am not fond of quarrelling with the animal that carries me, I suffered him to use his own pleasure in pacing the village till the hounds left it for the purpose of drawing the covers in the immediate neighbourhood.

As we proceeded to the first cover, I had, of course, an opportunity of noticing Sir Thomas's preparation for the chase. The huntsman and whippers-in were famously mounted, but the hounds were neither numerous nor well-calculated for the business of fox-hunting. Some of them bore the marks of good breeding, it is true, as well as an affinity (as I thought) to the Forest hounds (Sir Harry Mainwaring's); yet there was something in their appearance which did not betoken good workmen; many of them were old, or out of condition, or both; further, they were not in sufficient numbers. Thirteen or fourteen couple of fox-hounds are not sufficient for the chase; nor does such a meagre number impress that idea of importance which the business of fox-hunting seems to demand. A pack of fox-hounds should never be much under twenty, nor above five-and-twenty, couple. It is an old saying, that there is a medium in all things; a small number of fox-hounds cannot, generally speaking, kill their foxes; on the other hand, when more hounds than necessary are taken into the field, they are apt to divide, and are troublesome to manage. Sir Thomas's pack (on this occasion at least) might be very justly classed under the former description—they were deficient in numerical strength, to say nothing of individual exceptions.

However, we proceeded to the first cover, immediately below the village of Upton, a small one, certainly, but, nevertheless, one which might have held a fox; however, it was drawn blank. Another cover, at no great distance, was tried, with no better success; and I began to suspect that foxes were very scarce, particularly as I was aware that we

were at no great distance from the residence of the Rev. Mr. King, who, though he may be considered a sportsman, being partial to shooting, yet, from the unfriendly feeling which, unfortunately, I fear, still exists between him and Sir T. Stanley, he is supposed, I know not with what truth, *to be any thing but anxious for the preservation of foxes.* The readers of the *Annals*, I have no doubt, will recollect some vexatious and irascible litigation which, a few years ago, took place between the parties just mentioned, by which it appeared that poison had been prepared and laid for foxes; however, it is ill to speak of old grievances, though they certainly made me not much surprised that we drew all the covers in the immediate neighbourhood of Upton without finding. Yet, upon inquiry from several farmers, I was informed that there were plenty of foxes; and strange, therefore, that we should have no success. The hounds then proceeded in the direction of Stourton, drawing several covers, unsuccessfully, in their way, till they reached the fir-plantations close to the village of Stourton, which, I was given to understand, was a *sure find*. It appeared a fine country for a run, and I was very anxious to reach the place which was so confidently relied on—"it is Sir Thomas's favourite cover," said Hewitt, who, with his brother and son, had come to show off three hunters. The horse on which Hewitt was mounted was a dark gray; one of the finest animals which has, for some time, fallen under my observation; he was bred by Lord Egremont, rising six years old, was a very compact, and a very powerful horse; but of his performance I am not able to speak, he being afforded, unfortunately, no opportunity of displaying it. We had no find from "morn till dewy eve."

I am told that the late celebrated Hugo Meynell was more indifferent about blood than most masters of fox-hounds; perhaps Sir Thomas Stanley may entertain the same notion, as his hounds, up to the 8th of March, had only killed three brace and a half of foxes, a brace and a

half of which had been chopped. The worthy Baronet has not the method, exactly, of managing fox-hounds; and I wonder at this, as he is at no great distance from Delamere-forest; and I have no doubt that Sir Harry Mainwaring would give him a few lessons on the subject, with all that thorough English good nature which so much distinguishes his character, and which must render him so highly estimable amongst his brother sportsmen, and, indeed, with all his acquaintance.

Independent of his fox-hounds, Sir Thomas Stanley has, also, I understand, a pack of harriers; these I have never seen, and, most likely, I never shall, as hare-hunting has but little attraction for those who have been in the habit of following fox-hounds; and, unless Sir Thomas's harriers are much superior, by comparison, to his fox-hounds, they merit but little attention.

Fox-hunting is a business that should be carried on with life and spirit, or it had better be altogether abandoned; there is an impetuosity, a maddening sort of delight about it, which distinguishes it from all other sport; if languor be suffered to creep upon it, in any form, it loses its zest—its relish—and becomes, in fact, worse than nothing. The drawing manner in which the covers were drawn by Sir Thomas Stanley's hounds (on the 7th of February) was quite tiresome. I could not help reflecting upon the different style in which the same thing may be managed (or mismanaged). Sir Thomas Stanley's establishment is on a small scale, but it does not, therefore, follow that it should become neutralized, as it were, and divested of the spirit of fox-hunting. Of the performance of Sir Thomas himself I know nothing, except from report, having never seen him in the field; but, from what I heard on the subject, I have good reason to believe that he is not one of your neck-or-nothing gentlemen across a country. I am one of those who do not applaud your *crammers* at every thing; still a man may be too careful, too cool, as well as too fiery, too madly

ardent. Discretion, they say, is the better part of valour, but then a profuse display of it does not sit well upon a fox-hunter.

You will be as sorry to read, Mr. Editor, as I to tell, that my beautiful gray mare is completely done up; she never came completely round since that desperate run with the Badsworth hounds; it is true, I have, subsequently to that period, witnessed

some rather distressing runs, and was never once thrown out; but I was ultimately compelled to recruit my stud with another horse, as I literally rode her, preferring her to another I had with me, to a stand-still. I almost, indeed, began to fear that I should realize the beautiful picture, drawn by Sir Walter Scott, of the loss of the noble stranger's *gray*, in the *Lady of the Lake*.

"Close on the *hounds* the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse, exhausted, fell.
The impatient rider strove, in vain,
To rouse him with the spur and rein:
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise no more."

To you, and all good sportsmen, for the present, hail and farewell!

T.

March, 1826.

A REPORT, RETROSPECTIVE, CONCERNING FOXES AND FOX-HUNTING, BY A FOXHUNTER.

To the Editor of the Annals of Sporting.

DEAR SIR,—Although the time is now arrived when, to quote from one of your rhymesters,

"—The hunter's horn is mute,
The wild halloo no longer's heard;
When fox nor hound is now a-foot,
And no one wears the scarlet suit,
And no one wings a bird;"

yet we may profit, and, probably, pleasure ourselves, by *Parthianising* a little; looking *backward*, as the nation from which I borrow my term did, as they galloped *onward*. At least, let us try. If we cannot follow fox-hunting, let us, at all events, talk about it. No hunt in the kingdom is, perhaps, better supplied with the conveniences for breeding foxes than the Quorndon; yet it requires much care, and much expense, on the part of Mr. Osbaldeston, to keep up a good supply of them. And, indeed, there are few countries where this is not the ease absolutely attending upon the preservation of these highly-interesting animals, which, though they afford the finest diversion in the world, have, nevertheless, more enemies than any other creature produced in Great Britain.

The season has, on the whole, not been favourable to the exertions of hounds. It is true, no very long frosts have occurred, yet the atmosphere has been, frequently, so inimical to scent that the hounds have not been able to run up to their game.

Mr. Osbaldeston, we have reason to believe, has killed his average number of foxes (about fifty brace); but neither the Duke

of Rutland's hounds nor those of Lord Lonsdale have been so successful. Mr. Meynell has seen tolerably lucky, in defiance of the slow motions of his venerable huntsman, and the unfair riding of many of the sportsmen who follow his hounds. This huntsman has been in that gentleman's family for many years, and a very honest, industrious servant, we verily believe, he has always proved himself; but his movements are too measured for fox-hunting: and, as to the sportsmen to which we have just alluded, if Mr. Meynell were not the best-tempered man in the world, he would not suffer them to ride so shamefully over the scent, and thus ill-treat and prevent fair play to his hounds.

Sir G. Sitwell's hounds, as well as those of Lord Scarborough, (under the direction of Mr. Felgham,) and Mr. Lumley Saville, on the whole, experienced tolerable diversion.

The Badsworth have not killed a great number of foxes, though they are, unquestionably, a fine pack of dogs, well calculated for the country they hunt, but not so fleet as Mr. Osbaldeston's, the Duke of Rutland's, Mr. Meynell's, or Sir H. Mainwaring's.

The Earl of Harewood's hounds have not killed so many foxes as might have been expected. His Lordship's hounds are a trifle heavier than the Badsworth, and his huntsman (George Payne) is too slow, perhaps, in his movements. To be sure, he has much heavy, bad-scenting country to get over, which may account, in some degree, for the absence of that rapidity so characteristic of many of the modern packs; he, however, brings his dogs into the field in very fine condition.

The York and Ainsty may be regarded as a young establishment, which will, in all probability, be much increased and greatly improved.

That veteran sportsman the Earl of Darlington has killed about his usual number of foxes. His Lordship, indeed, seems almost to command success in the chase, though there are some parts of his hunt where he finds much difficulty in killing, particularly in the neighbourhood of Bishop Auckland.

Sir Harry Mainwaring has had good sport throughout the season, and his pack have killed more foxes, comparatively speaking, than any other in the kingdom.

Sir Bellingham Graham (Shrewsbury) was unfortunate in the early part of the season, in having many lame hounds, rendered so, it is supposed, from the damp of his new kennels. For a great part of the season, also, he experienced but indifferent diversion.

That ardent sportsman Mr. Wicksted has succeeded in obtaining many good runs, but not, in most instances, *death* at the conclusion of them. The same remark is equally applicable to several other establishments. On the whole, fewer foxes have been killed than usual; and sportsmen have, therefore, the consolation of knowing there are plenty left to propagate, and afford future diversion. The "*army of reserve*" you talked about, my friend Editor, will apply to foxes as well as contributors.

As the hunting season is at an end, sportsmen will, of course, turn their attention to the horse, and, to the best of their judgements, provide

for his ease, comfort, and health, during the vacation. Yet I am, in common with some of the best in the hunts I have mentioned, inclined to think very few will follow the method of *summering the hunter in the stable*, a plan which, though partially introduced, has been, I am inclined firmly to believe, unsatisfactory, and, I make little doubt, will be utterly abandoned in a short time, as a system at variance with reason and *nature*, and highly injurious to the interesting and elegant quadruped under consideration. *Nothing* is more beneficial to the hunter than the *young grass in spring* and the *early part of summer*, and which he should, assuredly, be suffered to crop, according to his nature. He can stretch his *strained* limbs upon the elastic turf, and his feet will receive infinite benefit from the cooling dews that refreshen and fertilize it. If flies become troublesome, a shed, or stable, should be provided, into which he could retreat during the excessive heat of the day, and thus shelter himself from his tormentors; and, this created for him, I really believe we shall find no complaints, when we next take the field, of injured steeds and incompetent performances. "I speak from *practice*, not from *book compile*."

I am, yours, &c.

A FOX-HUNTER FROM MY YOUTH UP.

April 19th, 1826.

~~Fox-Hunting,~~

In a Series of Views and Illustrations, made expressly for the Annals, by Mr. R. B. DAVIS.

NO. IV.

GONE TO EARTH.

"It is near over with him; had the hounds caught view, he must have died. He will hardly reach the cover. See how they gain upon him at every stroke! It is an admirable race! yet the *cover saves him*.—Beckford.

NOT the "cover," but the *earth*, has saved *our* fox; and he has beaten our hounds and our huntsman, as many a renard has done before him. Such a conclusion to a brilliant day—such a disappointment, when hopes have been raised high—such a defeat, when victory seemed in view, has again and again occurred, and the greatest skill and perseverance cannot always, and at all times, prevent it. So far, therefore, our artist, in avoiding the common climax of hunting pictures, *death*, has been true to nature, and given us a not unworthy representation of a frequent termination of a gallant fox-chase.

But will they not try the earth? will not the huntsman, satisfied that the tired felon is not gone on, try all around, and dig him from his subterranean fortress? See how that faithful terrier lays to the cavern; shall we not dig for the sheltered one in its bowels?

Nay, but it may be that we have had too hard a hunt already; our horses may be beaten, our pack tired; we may have, as Beck-

ford says, "twenty miles to ride homewards;" and, as digging an earth is cold work, and one of time, and may require a gallop, (which we cannot now raise,) to warm us afterwards, why, it may be more prudent to give renard the benefit of his advantage, and leave him for another day's sport. We will tell our old earth-stoppers to look wider abroad against the next chivey; and, perhaps, we may be enabled to say, in the "words that burn, and thoughts that breathe," of the "Familiar Letters," "Now *mischief* is at his heels, and death is not far off. Ha! they all stop at once; all silent, and *yet no earth is open*."

More upon the particular subject of our plate at this time is unnecessary; we shall occasionally follow it with others, depicting the several casualties of the chase, and, when less pressed for room, will furnish our readers with some general observations touching ancient and modern fox-hunting, drawing a parallel between the precepts and practices of the two, which, we hope, cannot fail to be interesting to every one having the spirit and the means of following that glorious sport.

MR. LAMBTON'S STUD.

The following Stallions, Brood-Mares, Horses in Training, &c. &c. with their Engagements, were sold by Auction, by Messrs. Tattersall, at Lambton-Castle, near Durham, on Wednesday, the 15th, and Thursday, the 16th March, 1826.

FIRST DAY.

Stallions.

Abjer, 8 years old, by Truffle, out of Briseis, by Beningbrough; grandam, Lady Jane, by Sir Peter, &c. Mr. Lumley, 500 gs.

Richard, 7 years old, (brother to Master Henry,) by Orville, out of Miss Sophia, by Stamford; grandam, Sophia, by Buzzard. Mr. Marjoribanks, 405 gs.

Rosario, 5 years old, by Walton, out of Rosanne, by Dick Andrews; grandam, Rosette, by Beningbrough. Mr. Wigram, 200 gs.

Brood Mares.

Leopoldine, by Walton, out of Cressida, (own sister to Eleanor,) by Whiskey; grandam, Young Giantess, (dam of Sorcerer, and grandam of Nicolo and Langar,) by Diomed; Giantess, by Match'em: engaged in the Riddlesworth, 1830; in foal to Blacklock—the produce engaged in the Newcastle 2 years old Stakes, Doncaster 2 years old Produce, both 1828, and York August Produce, 1829. Lord Dunwich, 710 gs.

Spermaceti, by Whalebone, out of sister to Wanderer, by Gohanna; grandam, Catherine, by Woodpecker; great grandam, Camilla, by Trentham; barren, engaged in the Riddlesworth, 1830. His Majesty, 610 gs.

Banshee, (dam of Osmond,) by Sorcerer; dam, Blowing's dam, by Pot8o's, out of Maid-of-all-work, by Highflyer; grandam, by Syphon; in foal to Master Henry. The produce engaged in the Pontefract 2 years old Stakes, 1828, and York August Produce, 1829. Mr. Charlton, 250 gs.

Loo, by Waxy, out of Piquet, by Sorcerer; her dam, Prunella, by Highflyer, (dam of Pope, Penelope, Parasol, Pioneer, Pledge, &c.) out of Promise, by Snap; Julia, by Blank, (great grandam of Morel and Truffle's dam)—Partner Mare—Bonny Lass—Darley Arabian; in foal to Richard. The produce engaged in the 2 years old Stakes at Pontefract, 1828, and Produce at Newcastle, 1829. Lord Dunwich, 280 gs.

Haphazard Mare, out of Web (sister to Whisker); covered by Abjer: (bought in) 500 gs.

Fortuna, by Comus, dam by Patriot; grandam, by Phœnomenon, out of Czarina, by Babraham Blank—Melpomene, by Alcides—Lass of the Mill, great grandam of Canillus, Marcia, Vesta, Whitelock (sire of Blacklock); in foal to Whisker. The produce engaged in the Newcastle and York Produce Stakes, 1829. Mr. Houldsworth, 430 gs.

The Duchess, (winner of the St. Leger in 1816,) by Cardinal York, out of Miss Nancy, by Benningbrough—Ruler—Fitzherod—Y. Cade—Regulus—Snake—Partner, &c.; in foal to Blacklock. The produce engaged in the Pontefract Produce, 1829. Lord Dunwich, 310 gs.

Precipitate Mare, dam by Highflyer—Spectator—Blank—Childers, &c. &c.; in foal to Abjer—no engagement. Mr. Petre, 75 gs.

Orphan, by Camillus, dam by Gabriel—King Fergus—Herod—Northumberland—Regulus; with a colt-foal at her foot, by Richard—no engagement. Mr. Houldsworth, 210 gs.

Stamford Mare, (dam of Borodino, by Smolensko;) dam, by Precipitate—Highflyer—Goldfinder—Squirrel, &c.; in foal to Smolensko—no engagement. Mr. Houldsworth, 225 gs.

Opal, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Olivia, by Justice; her dam, Cypher, by Squirrel, (great great grandam of Master Henry,) Regulus—Bartlet's Childers (great great grandam of Violante's dam, great great great grandam of Tramp's dam.)—Honeywood Arabian—dam of the two True Blues; in foal to Master Henry. Lord Dunwich, 61 gs.

Sancho Mare, out of Ringtail, by Buzzard, (sister to Deceiver,) her dam, by Trentham, out of Drone's sister, by Herod; in foal to Abjer—no engagement. Lord Dunwich, 88 gs.

Jenny Horner, by Golumpus; winner of twelve half-bred stakes; in foal to Abjer. This mare's certificate will be delivered to the purchaser; engaged in the Wilton Produce, Lambton, 1829; match at the same place, 100 sov. h. ft. Mr. Dickinson, 110 gs.

Mrs. Siddons, by Macbeth; winner of ten half-bred stakes; in foal to Richard. This mare's certificate will be given to the purchaser; produce engaged in the Wilton Produce, Lambton, 1829. Mr. Dickinson, 56 gs.

Pecunia, by Octavian; winner of thirteen half-bred stakes. The certificate will be delivered to the purchaser. Mr. Russell, 130 gs.

Miss O'Neill, sister to Mrs. Siddons, barren; winner of several half-bred stakes. Mr. Green, 50 gs.

Horses in Training, with their Engagements.

Canteen, rising 5 years old, by Waxy Pope, out of Castanea; engaged in the Newcastle Cup and Doncaster Club-Stakes, both 1826. Mr. Smith, 405 gs.

Buzzard, rising 5 years old, by Blacklock, dam by Delpini, &c. &c.; engaged in the Newcastle Cup, 1826: (bought in) 410 gs.

Fosterer, rising 4 years old, by Don Cossack, dam by Sancho, out of Ringtail, by Buzzard; engaged in the Durham Silver Cup, 1826. Mr. Sargison, 175 gs.

Count Porro, rising 4 years old, by Leopold, out of Wathcote Lass; engaged in the Durham Gold and Silver Cups, in the Newcastle Silver Cup, and York Spring Handicap, 1826. Mr. Sargison, 195 gs.

Magister, rising 3 years old, by Soothsayer, out of Loretta, (sister to Sir Walter;) engaged in the York August 30 sov. stakes, 1826, Pontefract 3 year old Stakes, 1826, St. Leger, and 30 sov. Stakes, Doncaster, 1826: (bought in) 285 gs.

Chestnut Colt, rising 3 years old, by Soothsayer, out of Lady Heron; in the Catterick and Newcastle Produces, 1826. Mr. Dickinson, 25 gs.

Claudine, rising 3 years old, by Ebor, out of Orphan; engaged in the Newcastle, York August, Pontefract, and Doncaster Fillies' Stakes, St. Leger and

30 sov. Stakes, Doncaster 1826, Match in York Spring Meeting, 1826, against Lord Queensberry's The Constable, 8st. 4lb. Claudine, 8st. 2lb. last mile, 100 sov. h. ft. and York Spring Shorts, 1826, (bought in) 300 gs.

Læna, rising 3 years old, by Soothsayer, out of Rosalind, named by Mr. Taylor, in the Durham Silver Cup.

Dream, rising 3 years old, by Soothsayer, out of Count Porro's dam. Lord Dunwich, 130 gs.

Sylvester, rising 3 years old, by Woodman, dam by Castrel, out of Lampedosa (half-bred); engaged in the 30 sov. Stakes, Lambton, 1827. Mr. Dickinson, 90 gs.

Republican, rising 3 years old, by Consul, dam by Catterick (half-bred); engaged in the 30 sov. Stakes, Lambton, 1827. Mr. Dickinson, 110 gs.

Chestnut Colt, rising 2 years old, by Abjer, out of Leopoldine; engaged in the Hartforth Stakes, York August, 1826, Champagne and 2 year old Stakes, Doncaster, 1826, Derby, 1827, Newcastle Produce, 1827, and Doncaster 4 year old, 1828, (bought in) 250 gs.

Chestnut Colt, rising 2 years old, by Abjer, out of Wathcote Lass; engaged in the Newcastle 2 year old, 1826, York August 2 year old, 1826, and Doncaster 2 year old, 1826. Mr. Russell, 290 gs.

SECOND DAY'S SALE.

Menelaus, rising 4 years old, by Whisker, dam by Walton, out of Helen. Mr. Dickinson, 105 gs.

Brown Colt, rising 4 years old, by Comus, out of the Shuttle mare. Mr. Wilkinson, 32 gs.

Bay Colt, rising 4 years old, by Whiskey, out of Rosalind. Duke of Buckingham, 125 gs.

Brown Colt, rising 3 years old, by Soothsayer, out of Borodino's dam. Mr. Wilkinson, 30 gs.

Raymond, a Bay Colt, rising 2 years old, by Catton, out of Banshee; engaged in Derby, 1827, and Doncaster Foal Stakes, 1827. Mr. Charlton, 62 gs.

Clari, a Brown Filly, rising 2 years old, by Smolensko, out of the Precipitate mare; engaged in the Oaks, 1827. Mr. Houldsworth, 91 gs.

Bay Filly, rising 2 years old, by Comus, out of the Shuttle mare; engaged in the Oaks, 1827, (bought in) 90 gs.

Foals of 1825.

Bay Colt, by Filho da Puta, out of Leopoldine; engaged in Hornby Stakes, York August 1827, Doncaster 2 year old Produce, 1827, Sweepstakes of 200 sov. h. ft., Craven Meeting, 1828, Sweepstakes of 100, h. ft. ditto ditto, Newcastle Produce, 1828, York August Produce, 1828, and Doncaster Foal Stakes, 1828, (bought in) 390 gs.

Bay Colt, by Tramp, out of Fortuna; engaged in Orford Stakes, Pontefract, 1827, Sweepstakes of 100 sov. h. ft., First Spring Meeting, 1828, and Newcastle Produce, 1828, (bought in) 195 gs.

Grey Colt, by Viscount, dam by Haphazard, out of Web. Mr. Russell, 275 gs.

Bay Colt, by Waverley, dam by Sancho, out of Ringtail. Mr. Ridsdale, 100 gs.

Bay Colt, by Dunsinane, out of Rosalind (dam of Cavalier and Royalist); engaged in Doncaster 2 year old Produce, 1827, and Catterick Produce, 1828. Col. Cradock, 235 gs.

Bay Colt, by Abjer, dam by Shuttle (Swinton's dam) grandam by Delpini, out of Tuberoze, by Herod (grandam of Rosette, the dam of Reveller). Mr. Paulett, 93 gs.

Grey Colt, by Abjer, out of Lady Heron, by Marmion, out of Peterea (the dam of Dunsinane, Don Juan, &c.) Mr. Russell, 150 gs.

Bay Filly, by Blacklock, out of Loo; engaged in Catterick Produce, 1828,

and Sweepstakes of 100 sov. h. ft. Craven Meeting, 1828. Mr. Houldsworth, 95 gs.

Bay Filly, by Master Henry, out of Opal. Mr. Houldsworth, 37 gs.

Bay Filly, by Master Henry, out of the Precipitate mare, Lot 11. Mr. Houldsworth, 43 gs.

Bay Filly, by Waverley, out of Mrs. Siddons: engaged in Wilton Produce, Lambton, 1828, (bought in) 47 gs.

Brown Filly, by Filho da Puta, out of Jenny Horner: engaged in Wilton Produce, Lambton, 1828, (bought in) 47 gs.

After the above, several Hunters, Hacks, Ponies, &c. were sold, and produced very fair prices.

THE ANGLER'S MONTH ; OR, A SCRAP FOR MAY.

By A. M. Templeton, Jun.

“ O'er bower'd with newly-budding trees,
And kiss'd by the gently-fanning breeze,
How sweet is the fisherman's haunt!
Life's struggles do not reach him there,
And there ambition is forgot ;
There dwells no pride, there springs no taunt,
Nor pining for a prouder lot.”

J. F. S.

I DEARLY love May, its milkmaids, its merriments, and its chimney sweepers. I love to gaze upon the health-painted cheeks, and the entreating eyes of little summer urchins, as they bring the hoop-formed crocus and cowslip-twisted garlands to your door, proud of, and pleased with, the sixpenny, or even penny memorial you give in return, as a schoolboy with a holiday, or the victor in the Pythian games, when crowned with the laurel of Tempe. I love it, too, for old Madam Montague's sake, she, who created the Sweeps' jubilee; and I warrant me that she rests as contented in her time-honoured tomb as though she had given her cakes and her pence to endow a monastery, or sent a hundred ragged little urchins to the tread-mill.

Of a verity, these sooty dramatists do enact a May-morning farce of never tiring action and character, a little outré and grotesque it may be, but to the full as instructive as the equestrian and annual venatory ardour at *Epping* of an Easter Monday, or the pawing performances of mail-crossed chargers on my Lord Mayor's Day.

But it is that May is the prologue to the Angler's Drama, the Turfites' performances, that I principally love Apollo's month. Is it not sweet to hie to the shady glades, and the rippling waters, when the breath of the south wind gently curls the surface of the stream, and softly agitates, as doth an infant's sigh the toy-flag he handles, the scarcely-filled leaf of the drooping willow, or the thin, but aspiring poplar? There shall you see the old angler's contemplative face lighted up with the fire of success, as the speckled monarch of the watery realm, lashes and plunges desperately, but uselessly, against the practice and skill of his conqueror; and you shall behold the younger professor of the angle, joyous amidst “hope deferred,” till, at last, a very lucky and a more than accustomed skil-

ful throw secures him a half-pound fish, and he pockets his prey, prouder than Alexander with his kingdoms, and Cæsar with his conquests; and you shall participate, *parvis componere magna*, good naturedly with the *little* fisherman as he chuckles and betrays his red dimples, beauty's indentures, as, from his crooked pin and thread-line, dangling from a two-foot rod, he disentangles the diminutive minnow, and then looks about him with the triumph and assurance of the great Isaak himself, and, as the *simile* expresses, we will not assert its infallibility, "as happy as a prince!"

And this happiness, my old acquaintance of the Annals, may, very possibly, soon after you peruse this, happen to yourselves. I do not mean that I would make *minnow* fishers of you, though every one of us, you know, must have a beginning; but, I mean, you may be whipping the waters with your fly-lines, or trying their depths with your *brandling*—baited bottoms, and you may be playing a fine glittering-sided and beautifully-spotted trout, till he yield to your skill; or watching, with anxious eye, your cork float, that is, if you use one, as, like a buoy, it *flops* to and fro at every breath of wind, till, at last, oh, glorious moment! it dives beneath the waters, pre-sage of a victory shortly to be achieved over a fine fat prickly perch, or a chubby-ribbed roach. This, I am sure, would delight you—I am certain it would make me in tip-top spirits; so, if you please, brother anglers, to finish my scrap merrily, and to show we are in good humour, let us have

A FISHERMAN'S CAROL.

Oh, tis cheering to list the mellow horn's cry,
And madd'ning o'er hill and through valley to fly;
And, the swift prey on foot, it is glorious to hear
The stanch hounds' bay commingle with our hearty cheer.

'Tis merry at feast-board, and lovely in bower,
When the dark wine is sparkling, and bright eyes have power,
And gay youths and fair maidens the dance sweep along,
And the fretted roofs echo with laughter and song.

But yet, to my fancy, the stream ripples by,
As dear as my lady's soft hand and blue eye;
And the sigh of the south wind, just stirring the lake,
Is as rich as the horn blown o'er field or in brake:
And I leave to the feasters their bowl's ruby tide
For my hour of content at the shady brook's side.

THE FORD, OR SALISBURY HARRIERS—MR. BLAKE, THEIR
MASTER—A DAY OR TWO'S SPORT WITH THEM.

To the Editor of the Annals of Sporting.

SIR,—Favour begets confidence; and your insertion of one or two communications of mine leads me to transmit more; hence you receive this. I am an ardent, though possibly a giddy, certainly a young sportsman in the field; but, that I may learn by precept as well as practice, I read of and about hunts, and coursing matches, and fowling exploits, in my closet; and there, with the Sporting Magazine,

the *Annals of Sporting*, and that "which maketh glad the heart of man," I am as happy as a prince, or as that urchin who swore that our heaven upon earth was to "swing upon a gate all day and eat plum-pudding." Now I read the old sporting for the sake of the goodness of two or three of its correspondents, and I read *you* for your *general* merits, "*one swallow makes not a summer.*" In the April (the last) number of Mr. Pittman's work, appeared a letter, dated Stockbridge, giving a *bit* of an account of the hounds with which I generally hunt, namely, the Ford, or, as we of that city generally compose their field, the Salisbury Harriers. In that account, we find Mr. Blake, the spirited proprietor, is himself master of hounds, and his horse of *twenty-two stone*, by bearing him, that Mr. Vandenhoof, the dyer, is a great man in the hunt, and that Mr. Short rides a *long* horse. Now, I really think, I can say a little more of these hounds and their master, and, by your leave, Mr. Editor,* will try.

On consideration, however, I recollect that your pages already contain a history of the kennel, picture of the dogs, &c. &c. so we will, for the present, make their last performances of the season the prominent point in my despatch. Suppose we journalize as we go on.

Thursday, 23d Feb. Met at Stoford, a little to the right of the Bath-road, six miles from Salisbury. Short field; weather queer. Beat about till after twelve; no find; missed Mr. John T****rsadly; he was Mr. Blake's sure dependence, and, if there was a hare in the beat, he would find her: he has sung out "which way will you have her up, Squire?" more frequently than any half-dozen of the hunt beside. But to proceed, we got into some fallows; upjumped puss, and we were all ourselves again. She went away, at the devil of a rate, for Mr. Trowbridge's withy beds, but the hounds were too close upon her, and she was driven to run her ring upon the down early. We killed her in good style, (led by the old cream-coloured southern hound,) in a hedge, about two hundred yards from her form. By-the-by, it was a *jack*, but that's no matter, all the cats are *he's* in Devonshire, except a tom-cat, and *he* is a *she*. Our clatter brought out the farmers, and very fine fellows, indeed, are our Wiltshire farmers, they ride pictures of cattle. We got a good field at last. Soon found again, and we got away after madam's scut gallantly; but we ran to the plantations about Wilton (Lord Pembroke's), and there got into the midst of so many hares that it was queer performing. A nasty cold hail-storm, too, came on, and the scent dropped wofully. It cleared again, and then the running was better; but we soon got towards the town, or, rather, the village on its outskirts, and it was up with us. We could make no way among the houses, and in the cottagers' gardens.

Wednesday, 1st March. The old story, went out to "kill a March hare." Again at Stoford, found immediately in some fallows. Went at a capital rate, too good for Mr. Vandenhoof, and a few of them, over the down (no check), to the Druid's Home, Stonehenge, and there

* By all means—"keep moving."—EDIT.

killed. Only those who were very well mounted up. Of these, I will mention Mr. C. Finch, Mr. W. Finch, Mr. Wheeler, Captain Wallace, Mr. W. Tanner, Wadham Wyndham, Esq. M. P. General Wyndham, &c. As for the "twenty-two stone" worthy master, he was like "panting Time" running to catch Shakspeare, toiling after us "in vain."

Friday, 10th March. *Horresco referens, steterunq̃ comæ vox faucibus hasit*; which means, "I am quite horrified to tell it, and my hair is like a fretful porcupine's," that my good friend, Mr. Blake, so considerate to the farmers and their corn, and so usually determined not to do amiss, should follow the poor *teeming* hares so late in the season. However, they met at Combe Bissett, and had two good runs. Practising what I preach (some praise for a young one), I was not there; but I understand they were good, and clinging to sport to the last: there was, I hear, no lack of company. However, I have no right to say a word of that I cannot give (and talking of preaching) chapter and verse for; so I beg to conclude, by assuring the correspondent of the *Sporting Magazine* that though these may be very good men and true he has mentioned, that he has not mentioned *the best*; and that what was said of some of the Percy party, at Chevy Chase, when they got knocked off their pins, may be said of them, viz. "we have fifty as good as they."

Mr. Editor,

Yours, &c. &c.

Salisbury, March, 13th, 1826.

W. T.

I begin my fishing campaign very soon; you shall hear of me when any thing good comes to net.*

ANECDOTES OF THE TURF—EXTRAORDINARY RACE.

To the Editor of the Annals of Sporting.

SIR,—Of the many extraordinary performances of our thorough-bred horses, recorded in your miscellany, not one, perhaps, exceeds that which I have now the pleasure of forwarding: if approved, I purpose sending you, from time to time, anecdotes of celebrated steeds of the day gone by. An old turf acquaintance, with whom I dined the other day, in the neighbourhood of Hyde-Park Corner, directed my attention to a newspaper of 1805, in which I read the following paragraph:—"At the Curragh races, on the 15th inst. a match, 100 guineas each, p. p. was run between Mr. Batersby's *Jerry Sneak* and Mr. Graydon's *Grey Hunter*, four miles, EIGHTEEN STONE each, being the *greatest weight ever carried by a race-horse four miles*; and what is extraordinary, the winner ran over the course in 9min. 27sec. Upwards of £20,000 were betted on this race, which drew an immense crowd to the Curragh."—*Westminster Journal*, June 29th, 1805.

Not satisfied, in my own mind, of the truth of the information,

* We hope *taste* as well as try; have the "*ocular proof*," as the poet says. *Verbum sat.*—EDIT.

I referred to the RACING CALENDAR for 1805, when my doubts disappeared. It is there recorded, page 180, "*Curragh Meeting, Saturday, June 15, 1805.*—Mr. Battersby's b. h. Jerry Sneak, by Chocolate, beat Mr. Graydon's gr. h. 18st. each, over the Course, 100gs." Jerry Sneak started thirteen times that year; generally at high weights. Victory attended him in five instances.

June 8th, a sweepstakes of 25gs. each, 15 ft. three miles; Jerry Sneak, 9st. 7lb. at the Curragh.—August 1st, £50 at Limerick, four-mile heats.—Sept. 25th, £50 at Enniskellen, four-mile heats.—Sept. 27th, Jerry Sneak, 10st. 4lb. two-mile heats, received £25 to withdraw from a handicap plate of £50. During his racing career, he proved a winner of thirty-nine prizes.

Yours, cordially,

April, 1826.

J. F.

THE CHAINED FOX OF MAIDSTONE,—MESSRS. BEARD AND
SPRINGATE'S HARRIERS.

To the Editor of the Annals of Sporting.

SIR,—The following rather singular circumstance, took place, near Maidstone, Kent. On the 24th of January last, Messrs. Beard and Springate's harriers (about ten couple) unkennelled a fox on the Boxley hills, which *shewed* most excellent sport, as far as length and time are concerned, though but little was *seen*; the day being so foggy that twenty yards was the utmost extent of vision. After a run of three hours and a half, *without a check*, he was driven to earth at Shawsted, near Chatham. Renard was soon compelled, however, to show himself, though much against his inclination, being dug out, and, having been bagged, he was carried to the kennel at Lintan, a distance of about seven miles. There, for a day or two, he had the honour of wearing a collar and chain, and an attendant, who administered to his wants with the most *interested* kindness. But attentions were vain; the ungrateful fellow broke his chain, and ran away with about three feet of it, jumping, in his escape, from a window eighteen feet high. The night was frosty, and the next morning the ground so hard that nothing could be done, not a hit could be made. Many and droll, too, were the jokes cracked upon our unfortunate sportsmen; but sportsmen, really deserving the title, do not regard such weak encounter of wits; nevertheless, no traces of the fox were seen, and nothing heard till the 12th of March, when he was found in excellent condition, near the very spot where first unkennelled. His chain was entangled in a stub, which held him fast. He was not in this situation the evening previous, as a woodman had been at work there till late. The links of the chain were clogged with dirt, and the hair rubbed off between his legs, and therefore, his being in such good condition was deemed rather surprising, more particularly considering the encumbrance the chain must have been. The same hounds coming to hunt that country again,

on Tuesday, 14th of March, he was divested of his badge of honour, and actually stood gallantly before his old enemies, running an hour and a half, at a good pace, again going to earth, within a mile and a half of Maidstone. Six hours' digging brought him to light once more, and once more was he started, with good law. He made for his old haunts, taking a fine country in his way, running to Chatham, where he was headed; so that the hounds met him, and he his death, in the turnpike-road leading to Maidstone, after a most excellent chivey of two hours or more. The singular fact of his dragging three feet of chain, for six weeks, may induce you to give this a corner, if so you will oblige your obedient servant,

W. B.—D.

P. S. Excuse errors, as I can pull a trigger better than handle a pen.

The Turf.

UNDER this title, and knowing that our classification of the great Coursing Meetings, as in our last and former numbers, has given very general satisfaction, we purpose, in like manner, to give a detail of the principal turf events of the season, now just commencing. Our "Herald" will, as usual, be accurately continued; but still, there are many points, particulars, and occurrences, marking a race-course with life and interest, which it is quite impossible to convey an adequate idea of, or even append to the mere, though indispensable, lists of the horses, and their places, and the decisions of the judge. These points and particulars we shall, as the races come off, supply. Those of the principal meetings, from actual participation and personal knowledge; of others, from the reports of those authorised to be historians; and with many, we hope, from the kind communications of our correspondents, in the several places where the "high-mettled racer" is an object of interest. In fine, we flatter ourselves, that the readers of the "Annals" shall have the "course thronged with gazers" made present to their under-

standings, even though they do not hear the "done and done" of the wagerers, nor see the "start," nor stand tip-toe to enjoy the "run in;" and that the following and future details will be found practical and perfect records of

THE RACE MEETINGS OF 1826.

"This day, all Rome, if I may be allow'd,
(Without offence, to such a numerous crowd,
To say all Rome) will in the circus sweat,
Echoes already to their shouts repeat.
Methinks, I hear the cry, *Away, away!*
The *green* has won the honour of the day.
Oh! should these *sports* be but one day
forborne,
Rome would, in tears, her *lov'd diversion* mourn;
And that a cause of sorrow, sure, must yield,
Great as the loss of Cannæ fatal field."

These are Congreve's translation of Juvenal's verses,* who wrote them as a satire upon the mad ardour, as he deemed it, of the Romans *for horse races*. We use them, however, in another sense, and, applying them to ourselves, most fervently hope that

* ————— mihi pace
Immensæ nimisæque, licet si dicere plebis,
Totam hodie *Romani* circus capit, et fragor aurem
Percutit si deficeret, mastam attonitamque videres
Hanc urbem, veluti, cannarum in pulvere, victis
Consulibus. — SATIRE vii.

so ancient, and, since the Grecians and Romans set us the example, so *classical* an amusement may never fail or decay. During the season, we shall take an opportunity of considering a little, and bringing to book the origin and antiquity of horse-racing, illustrating it with some instructive, as well as amusing anecdotes:—just now, however, our business lies with the day *that is*, the day *that was* must wait its *appointed time*. This much, however, our motto teaches, that the competitors rode, or *drove in colours*, (which were generally four, prassina, green; russata, red; albata white; venata, sky, or sea colour),* and that their courses, or the *Ippodroma*, were attended enthusiastically, from the plebeian to the emperor.—But to begin our detail, which we do by noticing some of the events originating in the commencing turf-sports of the year, namely,—

The Anson-Hunt Meeting.

These races are run over the New Course at Lichfield, Staffordshire, and are generally attended by the first supporters of field-sports, within an available distance of their attractions. They commence on the 15th March, and are continued the following day. Colonel Yates and Mr. Wickstead were the able and active stewards of the present meeting. At no former one was there ever witnessed a greater assemblage of noble and sporting gentlemen. Amongst them, as well known in the hunting field and upon the turf, we may mention Lord Viscount Anson, Earl of Chesterfield, and Earl Grey, (Stewards for next spring), Lord Molineaux, Colonels Wyndham and Yates, Captains Ross, White, Curzon, Ferguson, Hon. Mr. Cavendish, Hon. Mr. Grosvenor, Capt. Standen, Geo. Payne, Esq. Messrs. Holyoake, G. and H. Fitzherbert, Gifford, Mytton, Barry, Willis, Wickstead, Benstead, Lee, Longden, Thornhill, &c. &c.

The first race is invariably *The Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each*, for all ages. The last mile. It generally excites interest, as there are often horses nominated for the pending St. Leger put in it. It was the case this year with the winner, Mr. E. Yates's Paul Pry, a fine 2 yrs old b. c. brother to Madame Poki, who, with 5st. 10lb. upon him, though it was an uncommonly fine contested race, beat the Miller of Mansfield, Mr. Gisborne's b. m. Susan, and two others. The betting was two to one against the winner; 1000 to 20 are his odds on the St. Leger; his success will, however, make some points difference.

The Bosworth Stakes and Farmers' Plate, not being for thorough-breds, do not require much notice, excepting to say that, as encouragements to the breed of fine hunters and cock-tails, they are admirable. Mr. Grosvenor's b. h. Tawpy, won the Stakes, and Mr. Burton's gr. f. Mayflower, the Plate. On the same day (Thursday 17th) the first race was, as usual, The Witherly Stakes. Once round, and a distance. It was won by Lord Chesterfield's bl. g. Raven, aged, admirably rode by that clever gentleman-jockey, Mr. White, beating Mr. Edward Peel's Bonehill (the winner of last year) and brother to Tawpy.

Teesdale, an aged horse, also the property of his Lordship, and ridden by Lord Anson, won the Atherston Stakes, beating Sergeant Snap, Col. Yates'. The Earl was a winner a third time, in a match, his chesnut gelding, Jerry, against Major Spooner's ch. g. Comet. It was an easy race. Lord Anson was on the winner.

The meeting, as is generally the case, ended with a forced Handicap of 10 sovs each; to which there were six subscribers. It was a beautiful race and won by Mr. Trench's b. g. by Ambo, Mr. Payne's br. h. Charn-

* Suetonius tells us that Domitian (who was made emperor in A. D. 81, and died 96 A. D.) added two more colours, viz. the golden, or *yellow*, and the *purple*, but these were soon laid aside again by the following emperors.—*Vit Domit. cap. vii.* See a small book, published by Mr. Gosden, for this, and a good deal of other useful information on horse-racing.

wood (the winner of the stake in 1825) second. The riding was admirable, and we do not think it too much to say that the *well-timed* jockeyship of Mr. White secured the race. During the meeting, (which was uncommonly well conducted, thanks to the stewards, and the active clerk of the course, Mr. Hill), that the turf and the table should not monopolize all, there was a fine main of cocks fought, in the pit at the Swan Inn, between Lord Anson and Mr. Peel. Potter and Gilliver, feeders. The contest was very close, and gained, one a-head, by his Lordship.

The Malton Craven Meeting (York) — the Doncaster-Hunt — the Mostyn, Cottisford-Heath, Oxfordshire, and the Pytcheley-Hunt-Races, (Northampton course,) followed the Anson; but these all give way so much in interest to those we are now about to describe, that we must refer our readers to the "Turf Herald," in the present number, for their details, and pass at once to the

Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1826.

By the evening of Sunday, the 9th, Newmarket town was filled with visitors of rank, comprising most of the celebrated sporting characters of the day. That stanch supporter of the turf, the Duke of York, arrived at the ancient palace in the course of the afternoon, and soon after received many noblemen and gentlemen at dinner. Indeed, during the week, hospitality was the order of the evening, as business, running, and betting was of the morning. Before entering upon the several races, it may be amusing and useful as well, to give a statement of the principal "high-mettled" horses which were assembled at Newmarket, distinguishing them as they stood in the stables of the several trainers or proprietors. We think no meeting of recent years could have produced a finer catalogue.

Duke of York's — Lionel Lincoln, Don Carlos, Dahlia, Gramarie, Rachael, Parisot colt, Elizabeth, Haji Baba colt, Merlin colt, &c.

Mr. Robson's stables — Belonging to the Duke of Grafton, Gen. Grosvenor, Col. Udny, Mr. Wilson, &c. — Rufus, Bolero, Paul Jones, Nor-

man, Parapluie, Saracen, Dervise, Problem, Wamba, Sister to Nectar, Gosshawk, Cramer, Cremona, Bolivar, Tontine, the Palfrey, Crockery, Tarandus, Emilia, &c.

Mr. Belson's — Hougoumont, Pranks, Rainbow filly, &c.

Lord Exeter's — Palais Royal, Redgauntlet, Enamel, Sister to Zealot, Progress, Advance, Pantina, Comus colt, Capt. Candid, &c.

Lord Orford's — Swiss Guide, Fleance, Orion.

Lord Verulam's — The Moslem, Laurel Leaf, Vitellina.

Mr. Wyndham's — Camel, Brother to Addy, Twatty, Mignonette, Stumps, and Old Centaur.

Mr. Rush's — Mac Adam, his Brother and Sister, and lots of young Mac Adams.

Colonel Wilson's — Black Daphne, Oscar, Tippetwitchet.

Mr. Dilly's — Triumph, Trinculo, Comedian, Pastime, Beppo, Bertram, and Bonduca.

Mr. Boyce's — (Lord. G. Cavendish's) Pagoda colt, Barossa colt, Ridicule filly, Ganymede, Slight colt, Toil-and-Trouble, Adeliza, &c.

Mr. Roger's — (Lord Lowther's) The Monarch, Turban, Waterman, Nanina, Jocko, Sister to Nicolo, Logic, &c.

Mr. Bloss's — Sligo, Double Entendre, Maid of Orleans, Skirmisher, Syntax, &c.

Mr. Prince's — (Mr. Wortley's) Scandal, Crusader, Calypso, Oriana, L'Huile de Venus, Mortgage, Reformer, Octavius, &c.

Mr. W. Edwards's — Leeway, Shadow, &c.

Mr. Edwards's — (Lord Jersey's) Butterfly, Henrica, Ariel, Leila, &c.

Mr. Chiffney's — (Mr. Thornhill's) The General, Sophist, Surprise, Serab, Hogarth, Morel.

Mr. Pettit's — Wings, Bravura, Baron Munchausen, Witch, &c. &c.

Mr. Cooper's — Viscountess, Dorina, Granicus, Norah, &c.

Mr. Theakstone's — Pasquinade, Link-boy, and several others belonging to Mr. Nowell.

On Monday morning, it was all bustle, betting, and anxiety, and the

Course was early "thronged with gazers." The dust, however, was almost intolerable, and the Down, being very dry and hard, was in bad condition for the feet of the horses. The first stake of interest is the Craven of 10 sovereigns for all ages, consequently, there is generally a good field for it. This year, fourteen started, and a finer race was scarcely ever seen. The A. F. course. Dockeray, upon Brother to Addy, went away at a slashing rate, and kept his ground well to the bushes, with Bolero close to his haunches. Here Trinculo, Fleance, and Hougoumont came up at a terrible pace, and the greatest exertions were used for the lead. Sam Day, upon Mr. Mills's (Trinculo), got it, and won; Hougoumont (rode by John Day) second, by barely a neck. It was truly a fine race, and every one tried to win. The result lifted the west country horses and stables a point or two in the Turf world, and Panic (also Mr. Mills's) got up for the Derby. It will be recollected that the Craven was, last year, won by a horse from Dilly's stables, namely, the celebrated Longwaist, at that time Mr. Fulwar Craven's, and that Sam Day was then, also, the rider. These are little feathers in people's caps, which it is but right we should suffer them to wear.

Lord Exeter's Advance (by Captain Candid), quoted as a rising favourite for the Derby, beat the Duke of Grafton's Rowena, in very fine style, for the 100 sovs sweepstakes.

For the Riddlesworth, always a sporting race, and having the favourites for many of the large stakes of the year generally in it, five started, and the whole got off well together; but The Moslem (Lord Verulam's), won, in our estimation, easy; though Chiffney, upon Mr. Thornhill's colt, The General, used great, but unavailing efforts to beat him. The winner, however, received 3lbs or the thing might have been closer. Wheatley rode him. The Duke of York's Woful, c. Lord Jersey's f. Henrica, and a Partisan filly, were the others.—The judge placed but two.

Advance was beat for a sweepstakes solely from his swerving. He

is a very fine colt, and deservedly backed in his future engagements.

Four very indifferent ones started for the Filly Sweepstakes, but they made a pretty race of it, inasmuch as they were well-matched. Where "bad is the best" is called into play on a race course, though the interest to the thorough turfite may not be so great, yet to the mere visitor the contest will appear keener than though a Childers or an Eclipse had been in the lot. The stake was won by Mr. Vansittart's Curl, by Whisker, (named Urganda,) her competitors being Mr. Thornhill's Morel, Duke of Grafton's Cremona, and the Duke of York's Fawn. Arnall rode the winner, Chiffney, Buckle, and Goodison, the rest.

One of the best races of the day was that for the Sweepstakes of 150 sovs each, D.M. Some of the horses in it had been much talked of in the ring.—The following are those that started, and how placed :

Duke of Grafton's Bolivar 1
Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias 2
Mr. Greville's Gramarie (by Whalebone)

Lord Exeter's Paulina (by Woful)
Mr. Vansittart's Slight (by Whisker)

J. Day, upon the Tiresias colt, cut out the work, followed very closely by Slight; till near home, they kept their places, when Bolivar came up, and the struggle was severe. It was won at ending by scarcely a length.

Bonduca, rode by Sam Day, beat Retreat (Mr. Pettit's) very easy; but the match between Merlin colt (Col. Wilson's Spotless) and the Duke of Richmond's c. Link-boy, was a prettier race. It was over the T.Y. course, and the pace was merry all the way;—won by Spotless.

On Tuesday, the company was not near so numerous as on the preceding day, but the dust quite as annoying; still, at an early hour, the ring was crowded, and much and heavy business done upon many of the principal stakes. Mr. Mill's party got up Panic to first favourite, and The Moslem and Monarch retrograded in consequence; whilst Advance belied, by his *name*, his position in the betting books.

We have had frequent occasions to regret the immense and ridiculous

waste of time admitted at Epsom, Newmarket, and some other courses, which, for the most part, arises from the irregular and careless conduct of those whose province it is to undertake the saddling of the horses, and bringing them to the post. This was greatly complained of on Monday; and one of the first orders which we, on Tuesday, heard, from the worthy father of the turf, C. Wilson, Esq. was to the effect that if time in the weighing, saddling, mounting, &c. was not kept, the regular fines should be inflicted on those disobeying. "A word in season, how good is it;" this proved a wise remedy and a cure was effected. There is still, however, room for improvement; and Newmarket is yet a long way off from the perfection of Doncaster. We wish the clerks of all other courses would remember "it is never too late to learn."

The two great races of the day we are describing were the 200 sovereigns Sweepstakes; N.M. and the Oatlands. Three started for the former; they were

Lord Lowther's Monarch..... 1
Mr. Greville's (the Duke of York's)

Rachael..... 2
Mr. Hunter's c. by Orville, Canvas 3

All these had been, and are, much quoted as favourites, and the running in this instance would still higher raise them in the estimation of many. Canvas took the lead till near the bushes, when the others came up together, and they kept head-and-head for a goodwhile; the Duke's filly then got a little in front, but could not live long enough to maintain her place; she was, when at the cords, passed by Monarch, who won a desperate race by barely half a length. Buckie rode the winner; Goodison, Rachael; and Conolly, Canvas.

For the Oatlands, seven started; but only two were placed; viz. the Duke of Portland's Mortgage (the winner) and Lord Anson's Sligo; Mr. F. Craven's Triumph, third. All went in a crowd till near ending—no best about it till at the cords. R. Boyce rode the Duke's; Robinson, Sligo; S. Day, Triumph, though he did not achieve one.

Wednesday, but one race, that for the Plate. Gosshawk walking over for the 200 sovereigns Sweepstakes, and Mr. Wortley's Reformer receiving forfeit from Mr. Udney's Taranus. Muleteer, rode by Wheatley, won the plate, beating eight; Pigmy and Link-boy, second and third: but the day was a tame one and the goddess Dullness reigned.

The running of Monarch and Rachael, on Tuesday, increased the fame of either very considerably, and long prices were talked of as being offered for them. Exaggeration travels fast, like rumour, or a snow-ball, losing nothing by progression; and, consequently, we deem the *on dits*, the assertions that a sporting Captain offered 3,500 guineas for the one, and some one else 2,000 guineas for the filly, as mere newspaper novelties; but, certain it is, both are fine and promising horses; and as certain, that a single trial is not enough to warrant the enormous sums being given for them as stated. "Taste and try before you buy" is a wise proverb; but to the races—

The day's sport was rendered interesting from many of the Derby and Oak fillies being engaged in the several stakes, and considerable fluctuations in the odds on those great races took place in consequence.—But here is the list.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each. 8st. 5lb. each. R. M.

L. Jersey's Butterfly, by Fillagree. 1
D. of Portland's c. by Tiresias—

Ambiguity 2
Mr. Petre's Missy..... pd

Butterfly, rode by Robinson, jumped off at a winning pace, but was closely pressed down the hill by the Duke's colt, who proved himself not fast enough, as Butterfly kept easily in front, and won by a length and a half. John Day rode the loser.—Betting 8 to 1 on Butterfly.

Sweepstakes of 200 each.—Colts 8st. 4lb.; fillies 8st. 1lb. R. M.

L. Lowther's b. c. Waterman 0

D. of Grafton's ch. c. Norman . 0

L. Cavendish's c. by Allegro, Barossa 3

Mr. Hunter's c. by Orville, Canvas 4

Betting—6 to 4 on Waterman, 3 to

1 agst Barossa, 4 to 1 agst. Norman, and 10 to 1 agst. Canvas.

This was, indeed, a beautiful race—a finer one never was witnessed. They all set off at the top of their speed, close abreast, and, in a few lengths, Waterman took the lead, the others keeping at his heels to the hill, when they all again got together, and so continued half-way up the ascent, when Waterman and Norman got a trifle in front, and kept head-to-head home, finishing the race with a dead heat. Barossa was scarcely a head behind, and Canvas not a length. Wheatley rode Waterman; Buckle, Norman; Arnall, Barossa; and Connolly, Canvas.

Sweepstakes of 200 each, D. M.

D. of Grafton's Parapluie.....	1
Mr. Greville's Rachael	2
D. of Portland's c. by Tiresias ..	3
L. Verulam's c. by Abjer—Laurel Leaf	4

Parapluie took the lead, and, though pushed very hard by Rachael, won a fine race by half a length; rode by Buckle; Rachael, by Goodison; Tiresias, by John Day; and L. Verulam's, by Arnall. Betting 11 to 8 agst. Tiresias; 12 to 3 agst. Rachael; high odds agst. the winner.

Match 100, Ab. M. 8st. 5lb. each.

Mr. Greville's Lionel Lincoln	1
Mr. Mills's Trinculo.....	2

Trinculo led off, made strong running, and we decidedly think would have won but for his old trick (we saw him do it at Doncaster and other places last year) of swerving, which gave the Duke's the lead, and lost Mr. Mills the race, though only by a neck.—Goodison rode Lionel, and Sam. Day Trinculo.—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Trinculo. Heavy betting.

The Claret Stakes of 200 each. D. I.

Mr. Wyndham's brother to Addy .	1
L. Exeter's Enamel	2
Mr. Craven's Pastime	3

Addy went away at a great pace, but was headed by Pastime, who in her turn was passed by Addy (Arnall), who preserved his front, and won, by a length, cleverly.—Robinson rode Enamel, and Sam. Day, Pastime.—5 to 2 on Enamel, 5 to 1 agst. Addy, and 6 to 1 agst. Pastime.

The running concluded for the day

by Waterman and Norman starting, in consequence of the dead heat between them. It was a fine, honest, slashing race, and won by Waterman, by about a head.

On the last day (Friday), the races were not, on the whole, closely contested. Pigmy (the D. of Grafton's) won the plate, beating Rigmarole, Bonduca, and nine others; and the Port Stakes (the other principal contest) was won by Mr. Wyndham's (L. Egremont's) Camel; Redgauntlet, second; Lionel Lincoln, third. A good race, and but a neck to spare at last. The matches between Rigmarole and Bonduca, and Enamel and Swiss-Guide, were not good. Mr. Pettit and L. Exeter won easy. The meeting, taken as a whole, was decidedly admirable, proving incontestably the increasing passion for the pleasures, it may be profits, also, of the Turf. Yet its conclusion was a *woful* business indeed. Let not our friends be alarmed, there was nothing lamentable in this; it was all natural and pretty, and merely originated in the last race, for the 200 Sweepstakes, over the Rowley Mile, being contended for by a filly and two colts, all by *Woful*. They were the D. of Grafton's c. by *Woful* (sister

to Nectar)	1
L. Exeter's f. by <i>Woful</i> (Pantina) .	2
D. of York's c. by <i>Woful</i> (dam. by Rubens)	3

It was, for the first half a mile, a pretty race, but, when they went well to work, the superiority of the winner was sufficiently evident to leave no doubt of the result; Goodison, and Robinson toiled after him in vain.

The Duke of York added much to the spirit of the week by giving entertainments at the palace; and, though his horses were beaten in the morning, his spirits were not in the evening. Lords Sefton and Anson were, also, amongst the gayest in their banquettings, whilst the Jockey-Club dinners and the rooms were attended by good and distinguished parties. Beauty and fashion, also, added their attractions to the scene, and "lady loves" preferred, as of old, following their lords to the field and sharing in the glories of it. Scenes and cir-

cumstances how preferable to a loll in a luxurious chariot, in a dusty park, an insipid Sunday evening's conversation, a crowded drawing-room, or a squeeze at an unmeaning rout. In short, the Newmarket Craven
April 20th, 1826.

Meeting has been, in all respects, a fine one; and has set expectation and speculation straining, like greyhounds in the slip, to get a gaze, if that were possible, of the game that is yet to be roused, of meetings that are to follow.

THE MARGRAVE OF ANSPACH'S DERBY HORSE.

To the Editor of the Annals of Sporting.

SIR,—In compliance with the wishes of 'JOSEPH PLAINWAY,' who requires information respecting a gray colt belonging to the late *Margrave of Anspach*, (vol. ix. p. 218,) I transmit to you what I know about the affair, commencing with "the birth, parentage," &c. of the steed, who was called *Hector*.

Hector, a gray colt, foaled in 1803, bred by the Margrave of Anspach, was got by Highover (a son of Highflyer), out of Augusta, by Eclipse; grandam (St. David's dam), by Herod; great grandam, by Bajazet—Regulus—Lonsdale Arabian—Bay Bolton—Darley's Arabian.

In the nominations for the Derby, 1806, he is thus described: "Ld Sp. Chichester names the Margrave of Anspach's gr. c. by Highover, out of Augusta."

Epsom, May 22, 1806.—The last year of a renewal of the DERBY STAKES of 50 gs each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st. 5lb. and fillies, 8st. [The last mile and half.] (39 subs.) The owner of the second horse received 100 gs out of the stakes.

Ld Foley's b. c. *Paris*, by Sir Peter, out of Horatia, by Eclipse 1
 Ld Egremont's b. c. *Trafalgar*, by Gohanna, out of Humbug's dam 2
 The Margravine of Anspach's gr. c. *Hector*, by Highover, out of Augusta. 3

The following also started, but were not placed.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. *Smuggler*, by Hambletonian, out of Maria, by Highflyer.
 D. of Grafton's b. c. *Podargus*, by Worthy, out of Prunella, by Highflyer.
 Ld Egremont's b. c. *Hedley*, by Gohanna, out of Catharine, by Woodpecker.

Mr. Arthur's ch. c. *Achilles*, by Young Woodpecker, out of Platina, by Mercury.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. *Clasher*, by Sir Peter, out of Hyale, by Phenomenon.
 Mr. Mellish's b. c. *Luck's-all*, by Stamford, out of Marchioness, by Lurcher.
 Sir F. Standish's ch. f. by Mr. Teazle, out of the Yellow Mare, by Tandem.
 Mr. Batson's b. c. *Rapture*, by Sir Harry, out of Juliana, by Crop.
 Mr. Croft's b. c. *Ploughboy*, by Volunteer, out of Orange-squeezer, by Highflyer.

Betting—7 to 2 agst Sir F. Standish's Filly; 5 to 1 agst the winner; 5 to 1 agst Achilles; and 6 to 1 agst Trafalgar.

The above statement is copied from the Racing Calendar, and refers, of course, to betting *immediately* before the coming off of the event; but, a MS. in my possession informs me that the odds stood, on the 19th of May, the Monday before the race, 5 to 1 agst Paris; 6 to 1 agst the Filly; 7 to 1 agst Trafalgar; 10 to 1 agst Hedley; 10 to 1 agst Podargus; 11 to 1 agst Clasher; 20 to 1 agst Hector.

The Margravine having complied with the wishes of his Serene Highness, her deceased Lord, disposed of Hector, as a matter of course; and Ld Darlington became his master. Oct. 27th, at the Houghton Meeting, Newmarket, we find him matched against Achilles, one of his antagonists for the Derby; here Hector sustained defeat. It is but fair, however, to remark, that Hector carried 8st. 3lb.; Achilles, 8st. Abingdon Milc, 200 gs, h. ft.—5 to 4 on Achilles. Thus closed the labours of Hector for 1806.

1807, April 13th, Hector, at 8st. 5lb. beat Mr. Watson's ch. c. Charmer, by Whiskey, out of Bonny Kate, 8st. 6lb. T. Y. C. 50 gs. August 7th, Hector, 8st. 6lb. beat the Duke of St. Alban's Merrythought, by Totteridge, out of Woodbine, 8st. 1lb. three quarters of a mile, at Brighton, 200 gs h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Hector. *Same day*, carrying 8st. Hector was beat by Ld Egremont's b. c. Canopus, by Gohanna, out of Colibri,* by Woodpecker, 8st. 8lb. the last mile, 200 gs; 5 to 1 on Canopus.

Having answered the several queries of Mr. Plainway to the best of my abilities,

Shall now conclude, with satisfaction great,
Some future time some future tale relate;

i. e. with thy permission, Mr. Editor.

Hyde-Park Corner, April, 1826.

J. FROST.

PORTRAIT OF RICHARD DAVIS,

HUNTSMAN TO HIS LATE MAJESTY GEORGE THE THIRD,

*Engraved by ROBERTS, from the Original Painting of Davis
and the Windsor Hounds, now in the Possession of his Son.*

DEEMING that we could not select a more appropriate character with which to commence our proposed series of portraits and biography of celebrated sportsmen (including those of the fox-hunt, the turf, the coursing ground, the shooting field, &c.) than with one who was, so many years, the faithful and favourite servant of his late Majesty, it is with some satisfaction that we now present our readers with a most correct and accurate likeness of Richard Davis, the late and very noted huntsman of the Windsor hounds. We have, also, succeeded in procuring a complete detail of his fame from his youth up, which is of a character calculated not only to interest the sportsman but to amuse the general reader.

We are principally indebted for its details to Mr. R. B. Davis, the artist, and son of the hero of our tale; and in now presenting them to our readers, have only to request such to bear in mind that the opinions expressed upon hounds and horses, their breed, &c. are those of the late huntsman and his biographer. We do not say they are contrary to our own pre-conceived ideas upon the subjects they embrace, but merely hint that, in such a case, it is better for our subscribers to read, mark, and judge for themselves.

* *Colibri* died in 1803, a fortnight after foaling: Canopus was brought up by hand.—J. F.

The subject of the following remarks was for many years before the sporting world as huntsman to his late Majesty ; a few observations on his life, and method of treating the horse and hound, may be interesting to many of our readers. He died the 29th of October, 1825, aged 75 years.

Richard Davis was, from childhood, fond of animals ; but, as his parents had no means of gratifying his desires, he began early to seek those scenes where his disposition was likely to be satisfied. At the age of nine, he was induced to leave his home with some itinerants, who went about the country with racing ponies : being a smart lad, and extremely quick, he became a useful appendage to such speculators. He toiled with them through several parts of Ireland, as a jockey, and there were few pony-races in which little Dick was not the theme of admiration ;—the same modest and respectful behaviour which accompanied him on all occasions, made him an object of interest whilst a boy and of esteem through life. At one of the races in which he had been the winning rival to a competitor of longer years, he was so fortunate as to excite the attention of the late Lord Claremont,* then Mr. Fortescue ; his Lordship wished to take him into his establishment, but the man Davis was taught to view as his master declared that he was his apprentice ; and, consequently, without his permission, our youth could not avail himself of the offer to promotion. As, however, no bond of servitude could be proved, my Lord removed him upon his *second elopement*, and he was in turn his *trial lad*, his groom, and stud-groom, and which degrees he had run through by the age of twenty, or twenty-one. A punctual, steady discharge of all the duties of his situation gained him the confidence of his employer, and he was frequently chosen to bring valuable horses to England, for matches of consequence at Newmarket, York, &c. Lord Claremont and Lord Farnham were, at this time, confederates, and two of the stars of Newmarket and the Curragh ; but circumstances occurring which rendered it necessary for Lord F. to live for a period in France, a separation in their racing interests, consequently, took place, and a request was made that an old groom of Lord Farnham's should be kept with his stud. This led to divide Lord Claremont and Davis, but not without an offer being started by his Lordship of a situation in the Post-Office, in Dublin ;—this was declined, because he had made up his mind, upon any change taking place in his then service, to go into a hunting department. When at Newmarket, where he occasionally was, and where he got his little stock of schooling, with the late celebrated *Holcroft*,† he was a frequent attendant on foot with Mr. Panton's hounds, which hunted Newmarket-heath, and was considered to

* The same who patronised and brought Dennis Fitzpatrick into popularity. He was, also, considered a most excellent judge of a horse. Davis could not have been with a better master.—*Edit.*

† A dramatist who proved himself a knowing one on turf-affairs, by his admirable portrait of Goldfinch, in the *Road to Ruin* : in fact, Holcroft saw what he dramatised.—*Edit.*

be one of the best packs in England. This led him to think on hare-hunting, and to feel that to conduct a hunting establishment would be the height of his ambition, and the fulfilment of his earliest wishes; accordingly, upon quitting Lord Claremont, he engaged with Lord Molesworth, a young nobleman moving in the blaze of fashion—one who *fancied* himself a sportsman, and who, because others did so, kept his hunters, and the necessary establishment, at, then, the first place of the kind in England, Stanton Lordship. But my Lord, after the expenses of two seasons, found that he was better on the box than in the field, and that he was a *capital coachman*, but not “a mighty hunter.” His horses, therefore, went to the hammer, and his people to seek new masters. Two seasons’ hunting, however, gave Davis much information on the business of the field, and led him to reflect on the comparative methods of hunting the fox and the hare. He had seen both followed in a superior style in their peculiar habits, and to give, with respect to the fox-hound and the harrier, one the dash of the other, by keeping so much of itself as to still retain it fit for its purpose, appeared to him quite possible, and might have its advantages. Davis next entered the service of the late Earl of Essex, as groom, and manager of every thing belonging to such department; his Lordship was, at that period, master of the King’s stag-hounds, then a sinecure. The Earl, however, for the amusement of his sons, was desirous of getting together a small pack of harriers; and he appointed Davis to hunt, and, in fact, to *breed* them. This was a fortunate circumstance, and he lost no time in collecting such as seemed likely to forward his former views. He wished to unite the elegance and dash of the fox-hound with the appearance and steadiness of the harrier. In about seven years, he had brought his pack to a great pitch of beauty and elegance; but as economy, and a variety of little circumstances, bounded his ambition, if the term may be admitted, he could not get them down in size to what he wished; they retained much of the fox-hound, because time only could suffice to wash out enough of that stain to accomplish his wish. They answered well for the country they hunted, which was extremely wooded and strong; and the number of excellent runs, and the general good sport they showed, might prove that they did not over-match their game. This, with old hare-hunters, is so common a phrase, that it may be necessary to make some few observations on the *sort of hound* he advocated. In the harrier, as with the fox-hound, much must depend on the country they are placed in, and the style in which they are kept. It would be absurd in those who love hare-hunting, with only the means of following on foot, or to confine their people to such a steed as must occasionally be used for the lowest purposes, to keep the breed of harriers, now spoken of; this hound, in a fit country, will find work for hard riding; and I have but rarely found, upon comparing the old hound with this kind, that one pack can boast of longer or better runs than the other; one will kill more, because he finds more; its activity seldom giving a hare a chance of escaping. At the period of about seven seasons, his Lordship was pleased

to break up his hunting establishment; but so delighted were the gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Cashioberry with the excellent sport and goodness of the hounds, that they made an offer to keep the pack by subscription, and retain Davis with it. My Lord had strong reasons for denying to give them the country, and left home with the positive orders that they should be brought to the hammer. They were sold by a sporting auctioneer, then in Oxford-street, for more money than any hounds up to that time had fetched.

In the year 1789, his late Majesty determined on having a pack of harriers for his private amusement, to hunt in the neighbourhood of Windsor; his first Equerry, Gen. Manners, was desired to procure them, and a person competent to take the whole management of the stable and kennel department. The Hon. Mr. G. Villiers was intimate with the Earl of Essex, and had frequent opportunities of witnessing the excellence of the pack before alluded to, and the general good conduct of Davis as a man and a servant. He was kind enough to point him out to Gen. Manners as a fit person to fill the situation in his Majesty's service. The selection was made; and Davis was sent into Lincolnshire, the seat of Gen. Manners, to get together a few hounds, in order that the seeds might be sown of the future establishment, commencing under such noble patronage. He spent about half the season in his preparations; and, in February, 1790, the dogs he had procured were sent to Windsor, when Davis finished the season much better than his slight means had given earnest for.

It must be confessed, the neighbourhood of Windsor is somewhat ill-adapted for hare hunting; a close confined country, few hares, and the people not very courteous.* But, with these unfavourable appearances, Davis, acting again on the same principle as guided him in selecting this late establishment, and having a wider field for exertion, got together a pack of harriers which, for beauty, goodness, strength, and activity,—in fact, every requisite that constitutes the perfect hound, in its peculiar style and character, has not been surpassed. His great object was, and particularly as no reasonable expense was spared, and no control exercised after due experience of his worth, and a full understanding of his objects, to select such of his pack to breed from as were likely to give shape, appearance, and goodness; to breed as many as possible; to never suffer himself to enter one, however beautiful, which exceeded or did not come up to his standard (just under eighteen inches). A second cross from a very small, neat, fox-hound was desirable. Some idea may be formed of their strength when it is said that they frequently went nine miles to cover; and of their activity, when they could get over a park fence with very little impediment or loss of time. They were fresh in the chase and quick in casting; they could hunt a cold scent equal to any southern hound, and were never suffered to leave it by any advan-

* We cannot join our biographer in this, we have found the contrary; but, perhaps, time might have changed manners. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutantur ab illis*, is ancient and good authority.—*Edit.*

tag to kill. They required a great quantity of work, being often hunted twice in a day: I mean, it was usual, sometimes, to take them out very early in the morning, when they had to meet his Majesty at twelve, in the Great Park. But this does not imply that they wanted discipline, for I believe few packs were under better. The country did not give them work enough; I mean it did not find them game sufficient to their power; consequently riot, without these preventives, would have been abundant. They were hunted very quietly, scarcely a word spoken, being rather guided by motion than voice; but let it not be imagined that they would throw up their heads to seek assistance by the *eye* when the *voice* was withheld; they were never led to *expect* assistance, so never expected it. They would make their own cast, and return to the place where they lost the scent with the quickness of thought. Davis had a staunch supporter in his plans in Gen. Manners; he was one of the best hare-hunters that I recollect ever knowing; he could ride up to the hounds in their chase, or he could patiently enjoy the picking out the scent when cold hunting was the order of the day; with such a supporter, therefore, the pack was likely to become what it was. The management of the kennel was, also, guided by the same simplicity which reigned paramount in the field. Order, cleanliness, and regularity were the first requisites; in fact, the only ones towards keeping their condition and strength. What he knew was the result of experience only; he had no early habits or wrong impressions to conquer; he had sense to feel the responsibility of his situation, and firmness to make use of such means as fell in his way to improve upon. His late Majesty was punctuality itself, and warm in all he took pleasure to encourage; he visited the kennel most Sundays, on his way from Frogmore (where he had lunched with the Queen) to the Castle, and seemed to delight in viewing the good order and neatness of all around him; he has many times said that he would dine in any part of their kennel, so sweet, so scrupulously clean was it kept.

In his situation, having the care of a stable of good hunters, four in number, for the establishment, Davis was an excellent manager, pursuing a system, in part, the influence of which he felt as natural to the animal, and, in part, of the early habits of the racing stable, such as when he was a boy. His plan was decidedly different from the one so strenuously advocated by a modern writer, who assumes the title of "*a mighty hunter*," and which is, I understand, followed by many incapable, from experience or ability, of judging the propriety or the folly of his plan. I must here add, that many will pretend to sneer if any argument be rested against the new system upon a stable of hunters, prepared only for *hare hunting*. Let such have their enjoyment; I will enjoy my opinion. I will call on any one who may remember the excellent condition in which these horses always were, and, further, I will state the amount of ages of the hunters when the hunt was broken up, to prove that the plans pursued by him could not be bad; it will also be remembered that he invariably had his horses when *four* years old; it may, therefore, be seen the quantity of work they had done *under his management*. The ages of the *four horses then in work* amounted to *sixty-nine years*. If we add

two others, one which they called *the colt*, and one used for common purposes, we may make the total of *six horses, ninety-eight years*. I would also instance the hunters of the present excellent establishment at Ascot. They pursue the practice of *turning out*, which experience has proved to answer the best ends. Let any one point out a stable of hunters able to go better than these; and, by so doing, try to write up a system which cannot eventually answer the proposed good, because it is not founded on *natural* practice. The hunter, like the hound, is made useful upon artificial principles; but this usefulness is only applicable for a certain time in the year. To keep the strings of an instrument strung up to the top of their strength or tone continually is to do away with their power of elasticity, so it is with the constitution, and the seasons prove it to us. Nature provides for the seasons, and adapts provisions for the purposes to which animals may be applied. The *food of Nature* destroys the pernicious effects of artificial treatment, and reduces the tone of the stomach to a pitch to receive the bracings necessary for its routine of work again. The animal, by having the liberty of a pasture, can get a choice of food; and how frequently does it happen that we may observe them selecting different parts of the meadow at different times. With so much of Nimrod's plan as recommends a good shelter and some corn I most cordially agree; but I would add to the hovel a tolerably-sized pasture, and where many may be turned in together. All animals are better in society. What sight is there more beautiful than to see a stud of hunters living like children of one family, enjoying their evening gambols, and lying in friendly groups of quiet repose? As long as the moisture and strength of nutriment remains in the pasture, they are little anxious for hay or corn; and as to the torment occasioned by the flies, I know of no place where they are excluded; they sting as sharp in a stable as they do under a tree; their feet and legs, too, are benefited, because the moisture of the earth must be better than the moisture of collected litters; and because the constant exercise which they get when at liberty, adding, also, the coolness of the open air, must be more beneficial than the stupid inactivity of confinement day and night. I could enumerate a few accidents, certainly, by the turning-out system, but they have been *few* compared with the years I have observed.

But I have wandered rather away, or, in the phrase more adapted to our subject, have become a *skirter*; I hope, however, not a *babbler*. To hark back; the malady of his late Majesty becoming of that steady character which induced those around him to give things a new turn—his hounds, in common with his private affairs, were doomed to a change, and were, accordingly, sold to R. W. Walker, of Michel-grove, where they hunted for two or three seasons, and were parted with again, to the regret of every one there except the owner; and have since been like little runnings from a noble stream, sullied, mudded, and destroyed by the weeds which carelessness has suffered to choke their banks. They were twenty-three years his Majesty's property.

The character of the subject of our observations will be comprised

in a few words. He was extremely diffident and conscientious—punctual as a man, and honest as a servant; he paid a most rigid observance to his religious duties; with feelings most sensitive and acute, he guided all his actions; in his social habits he was liberal; warm in his friendship; active and cheerful in mind; and capable of great bodily exertion—he never deserved an enemy, and I never heard that he ever made one; he was blest with a good constitution, sound health, and lived to old age; depending on his own exertions, from childhood, for support, he knew the value of a good name, and never lost sight of deserving it.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, PRINTS, AND WORKS OF ART AND UTILITY,
ABOUT TO BE, OR RECENTLY, PUBLISHED AND INVENTED.
—No. 4.

“The periodical publications of every country are the archives in which the learned and the philosophers should deposit their *discoveries* and the results of their researches.”—*Journal of Science and the Arts*.

IF all that has been said of the “march of mind” and the “advance of intellect” be, in a general acceptance of the terms, true, it will not be a cause of wonder that our productions of art do, in a general sense, exceed those of an older, and, as some contend, a better day. For ourselves, we assert that, in useful and practical inventions in mechanics, in the appropriation of labour, the reduction, we had almost said, of the elements to our subjection, we are as far before the boasted wisdom of our ancestors as we are in liberal principles and political economy. Probably, however, in nothing has there been more evident improvement than in pictorial delineations of sporting subjects; more particularly (be it remembered we speak generally, for the ancients had some clever animal painters) in those which portray running horses and dogs of the chase. There are two or three very satisfactory reasons for these improvements;—the demand and the taste of the times, directed by the increasing interest of our field-sports, induce more men of talent to study closely a popular art; then the *anatomy* of the horse and dog is now much better understood, and made a part of the artist’s study; and again, the artists *themselves* are, in many instances, *practical* men, following the hounds they delineate, witnessing the exertions, and admiring the points (in their training-

grounds and stables) of the “high-mettled racers” they paint.

These observations will, we think, be borne out by the numerous fine specimens of animal painting and engraving, many of which the *Annals of Sporting* have been the medium of introducing to the public, which the exhibitions, private collections, and sporting publications have of late years contained; and we need only mention the names of Ward, Herring, Landseer, Marshall, Turner, Davis, Fernely, Scott, &c. &c. to strengthen the assertions.

We have been more particularly led into this train of thought by the appearance of a very finely-painted, and cleverly-engraved portrait of that admirable artist, whose talents, till the hour of his affliction, were an object of employment by every collector, and whose works ornament many a splendid publication—we mean Mr. John Scott, the celebrated animal engraver.

The painting is by Jackson, the engraving by Fry; and it is immensely to his honour, as he intended publishing it for his own emolument, that, with a true Samaritan kindness, and feeling that his fellow-artist had fallen into the “sear, the yellow leaf,”—that his circumstances were the contrary of prosperous, that he (Mr. Fry) presented Mrs. Scott with the plate, so that she, her husband, and family, may receive all the advantages of its

sale. We cannot doubt that they will be great; and that the patronage of a nation, ever alive to assist its deserving artists, when the sunshine of success is upon them, will eagerly lend the hand of charity, since it can be raised at such little and appropriate cost, to dispel some of the straits and misfortunes of one so eminent, and, before nature was so sorely stricken, so sought after, as Mr. John Scott, now that he has fallen into the shade.

Since our last "Notices" we have received our subscription copy of *Memnon*, painted by Herring, and coloured by Sutherland, it being in continuation of the splendid and well-got-up work, "The Winning Horses of the Great St. Leger Stakes, from 1815," published by Messrs. Shear-down.

The engraving of *Memnon* which appeared in this Magazine was, our readers are aware, from the original painting of Mr. Herring. We need not, therefore, repeat what we have said of its goodness; still, it would scarcely be "even-handed justice" not to admit the great improvement in the back-grounds and scenery this clever painter introduces into his pictures. Like Landseer, his pallet seems capable of producing effective landscapes, as well as well-drawn and good likenesses of animals. The principal object, beside the horse and his rider, (the latter William Scott, very like, and well put upon his saddle,) in this picture, is the Grand Stand, of which it gives a very fair idea, as do the spectators upon, and people about it, add animation to the scene. There is a horse on which a stable-boy is cantering off, after "saddling," with the "body-clothes," in the fore-ground, not quite so much to our taste; it reminded us of some of Alken's hasty sketches; yet this is but a trivial blemish, if it be one, and we, therefore, cordially recommend collectors of racing prints to this very good portrait of the winner of the eighteen hundred and twenty-five St. Leger.

We have not, now, space to do justice to the subject and its merits, and, therefore, merely mention, as being in a course of publication, Six Plates, representing the Life and Practices of a Poacher, from paintings by that clever artist Mr. C. F. Turner, and which convince us, at once, that they are executed by one who has not gone to his task without understanding the nature of it. We do not say that Mr. Turner could sing, as the Lincolnshire game-snarer does,

"As I and my comrades
Were setting four or five,
And went to take them up again,
We found a hare alive;
I popp'd her into the bag, my boys,
And through the woods did steer;
For 'tis my delight, of a shiny night,
In the season of the year."

but this we say, that his pictures describe these sort of things cleverly, and the two first prints in particular—viz. "*Setting the Snare*," and "*Taking the Hare*" from the springe, are very business-like specimens. We shall recur to these when the series is complete.

Of inventions in carriages, we have heard of one which, if it attains the object it seeks, will be, indeed, to many folks, a kind of "God-send." We have not seen the vehicle, (but shall, if possible, do so,) but here is the description:—"Safety Gig.*—A carriage, bearing this attractive appellation, has been invented, which is likely to prevent many of those sad accidents arising from the certainly dangerous construction and character of the vehicles (drawn by one horse) now so generally in use.

The steps of this new carriage are fixed to the body, instead of the shafts, and, from the under-part of these steps, small scroll-irons reach to within a few inches of the ground. Thus, without any very visible appearance, the horse, by tripping, converts the front of this chaise into a sledge, that slides on the ground. The horse is not only thereby delivered from all weight, but two-thirds of it are thrown on the hind part of

* A stage coach, on a more secure principle than those in general use, has also been brought out, by a mechanic, at Liverpool. We are promised particulars of it.—*Edit.*

the carriage, and act upon the shaft as levers, with considerable force upwards, so as to prevent his falling; and this done by that very trip or jerk which, in all other two-wheeled vehicles, would, inevitably, force him downwards."

Time not admitting of our giving any thing like a critical and lengthened detail of the exhibition in Suffolk-street (the British Artists), we can

now only state, generally, that it is creditable to the arts, and that there are many very clever sporting pictures, by some of our old friends, and a few deserving of notice from less-known painters. Landseer, Davis, Laporte, Stevens, Turner, Fowler, &c. &c. have all talented pieces, and, in our next number, we hope to render "honour to whom honour, and tribute to whom tribute is due."

HAWKS AND FALCONRY.

"Such pastime is like a two-fold life. Above us are the winged hunters of the air; while beneath we have fleet horses, whirling us around the plains and meadows. At length, the falcon, like a magician, wheels in circles round his devoted prey, hovering and gleaming over him, till at last he comes down, and——."—*De La Motte Fouque*.

HAVING said thus much on educating a hawk for the offices of sport, it will not be amiss to notice those kinds of the species which are divided into the long-winged and the short-winged.

Of the former, the *Ger-falcon* holds a most conspicuous place. It is in size between a vulture and a hawk, and may be fairly said to rank next to the eagle, possessing very great strength. She is strong-armed, (*arms*, the legs from the feet to the thigh,) having long stretchers and singles (pounces). Her beak is bending, she hath large noses (nostrils), her sails (wings) are long and sharp-pointed, her train much like that of the *Lanner*, and she is plumed black, brown, and russet. Much patience is required to reclaim her, on account of the fierceness and hardness of her nature; but when once overcome by judicious treatment, she proves a most excellent hawk; therefore, the falconer should have a special care how he makes his *ger-falcon* at first; and, indeed, according to their natures, all other hawks; for if they are well schooled, they are twice made, and for ever. He should avoid, above all things, too much precipitation in posting them forward from one lesson to another before they are perfect in the first. There is an *A B C* of scholarship in instinctive as well as reasoning animals. The *Haggard-falcon* differs from the *Falcon-gentle*, in being larger and longer armed; in having a flatter thigh; in lying longer on the wing; and being more deliberate in her stooping to fowl.

The *Falcon-gentle* flies with more speed from the fist than the haggard, and, being more hot and hasty, is apt to miss her quarry, and to fly at the first fowl she may then list, even be it a crow or a worthless pie. The *Lanner* is less than the *falcon-gentle*, and has shorter talons than any other hawk. Of all the species, however, none are so useful for a young falconer as the *lanner*, because she is less subject to surfeits, and seldom melts grease by being over-flown. She is not very choisee in her food, and is less affected with gross victuals than other hawks. Her flight can be made at

the field or brook. Her train is russet, her breast-feathers white, with russet spots; her sails and train long; but she is short in the leg, and small in the foot.

A *Goss-hawk* is a powerful bird, of the short-winged kind, and is distinguished by a small head, a large throat, great eyes, is deep-set, has long thighs, (the bone of the legs short,) large pounces and talons. From the train to the breast she grows round; the shorter feathers of her train are spotted, but the extremity of the longer ones are black-streaked. The goss-hawk preys on the pheasant, mallard, wild-goose, hare, and coney, and is remarkably courageous.

The *Hobby* is a hawk of high flight, and is, with justice, called the daring hobby, for she is not only nimble and light of wing, but boldly encounters kites, buzzards, and such like fowls of the air, and will give souse for souse, blow for blow, till sometimes he and his antagonist come tumbling down to the ground both together. The hobby is used chiefly for the lark, which poor little creature so dreads the sight of her soaring that she will rather choose to allow herself to be almost trampled on by horses or dogs than venture into the element where she observes her mortal enemy wheeling in circles above her. This bird makes excellent sport with nets and spaniels, for, when the dogs range the field to spring the fowl, the hobby soars aloft over them, and the timid birds dare not commit themselves to their wings, but think it safer to lie close, and so are taken in the toils. This sport is called *daring*.

The *Sparrow-hawk* is a short-winged hawk, yet, generally speaking, deserves the character of being a very good *sportsman* after that game her strength will give her power to kill, and she will serve in the winter as well as the summer, and may be flown at all kind of game, more than can the falcon. If a winter sparrow-hawk prove good, he will strike down the pie, jay, woodcock, thrush, blackbird, field-fare, and divers other birds of a like nature. Their plumes are different, some of them are small-plumed and black hawks; others of a larger feather; some plumed like the quail; some brown, or what is called canvass-mailed. And these I have enumerated, are some few of the many kinds of hawks. With respect to the eyess, or nyess, (the young hawk taken from eyrie or nest,) it is most difficult to bring her to perfection, as, never having preyed for herself, she hath little enterprise in her to attack fowl of any kind; however, when she is full-plumed, and begins to fly about, you may give her whole small birds, and encourage her to kill them and feed on them, that she may have more courage and hardiness of disposition. But, of all things, break her of that scurvy quality of hiding her prey, which all eyesses are wont to do. When she is eager after her quarry, you must seel her, and treat her as an unreclaimed hawk, but with all possible gentleness. I may, probably, resume my subject in a future number, and with permission.

M. L.

EXTRAORDINARY COURSE—THE GIPSY CAMP.

To the Editor of the Annals of Sporting.

DEAR SIR,—Repeatedly observing your kind indulgence to correspondents, and having experienced the same myself in my rough complication of matter for your Annals, I am emboldened thereby to give you an account of a rather curious occurrence that happened to me yesterday. It is as follows:—

I thought, as the day was fine, I would mount my pony, and give the long dogs the *last* chivey for this season; and, accordingly, with my brother, I took the field. After trying some rafters about a mile from cover, and, upon just leaving them, a hare got up from them wildly, which the dogs caught sight of before we did; and away they went. The hare, to avoid the fallows, (of which there were a great quantity on the side nearest the cover,) took a complete round; consequently, lengthening the run very much thereby. It was one of the best courses I remember to have seen for a long time; not only from the distance, but, also, the number of turns in it; for the hare scarcely ever went twenty yards without a double the whole way to the plantation; and the ending was beautiful, (as the dogs well knew if they did not exert themselves then, she must beat them,) for, just by the side of the plantation, they made a sudden effort, and kept her out until they had turned her four or five times before she could *mesh*. When I came up to the dogs, I found them unable to stand, from the severe running; and, after some time, when I got them on their legs, if they attempted to move, they reeled about, and fell again as if drunk. I consoled myself, however, with the hope that, as the hare had escaped, she would produce a fine stock next year, as she herself was nothing but a good one. How frequently our hopes and anticipations of the future are destroyed, and so, in the sequel, you will find mine were. In the evening of the same day, a man, who worked on my father's farm, where I was coursing, came to our house and inquired for me; I went to him, and observed he had a basket on his back. As soon as he saw me, he said, "I ha'e got a summut for you, zur, which you have seen afore to day;" I did not at first understand him, 'till he proceeded with "you *coosed* a hare to-day, at H—m, didn't you?" I replied, I did; "then I have got her here," said he, opening the basket, and there was a dead hare. On inquiring of him the particulars, he informed me that he was at work in a field adjoining the one in which we moved poor puss, and saw the whole of the course; and, also, observed the hare, after she had escaped the dogs in the plantation, run down to a drove close by it, in which a camp of gipsies was pitched, and, observing she appeared much distressed, he watched her, and saw her enter the camp, amongst the children that were in it, and very much frightened them by so doing. Finding she was *in bad company*, she immediately turned about, and made off again. A small terrier, however, that was lying near, and not larger than the hare, caught sight of her, and pursued her; and, after a few turns, in an adjoining field, succeeded in catching

her. I think it proves, by so small a dog performing this exploit in fair running, and in an open field, that she must have been quite exhausted. The man went on to say, that he went up, on seeing the dog catch her, to two gipsies, who had taken possession of the prize, and claimed it for me, as he had seen me course her, and on our *own land*, and that she belonged to me in consequence thereof; on which they gave her up.

I leave it for you to put the foregoing in a more proper sort of language, if you deem it right, as I have only told "a round unvarnished tale" of facts.

I am,

Dear Editor, &c.

Salisbury, 4th March.

J. B. H. T.

GALLANT CHASE; OR, A GOOD DAY WITH MR. MEYNELL'S PACK.

To the Editor of the Annals of Sporting.

SIR,—The following is at your service, if you think it worth a place in your interesting Annals:—On the 23d of February, the hounds of Hugo Meynell, Esq. met at Ingleby-house, near to Foremark, the patrimonial seat of Sir Francis Burdett, (which, however, the worthy Baronet does not often visit, and where, in the days of his father, Sir Robert Burdett, a gallant pack of fox-hounds was kept). The hounds were thrown into an adjoining covert, which they drew without finding; this excited much surprise, as it was considered a sure find; and some persons who reside in the immediate neighbourhood, and who happened to be on the ground, were decidedly of opinion that the covert held more than one fox, although the hounds had, apparently, run through it. Hence, the observation would seem correct; that, though Mr. Meynell's hounds are uncommonly fleet, they do not appear to draw well; further, the morning was far advanced, which, of course, rendered the drag more difficult to recognize. However, from a conviction that the covert had not been well drawn, the hounds were thrown in a second time, and renard was hallooed off immediately. It was about twelve o'clock when the fox broke; and, though the dogs were close at him, he flourished his brush, as a token of defiance, and went away as if he meant to run. He set his head in the direction of the straggling village of Ticknall, and afterwards turned to the left, making his way by Melbourn-coppice, over the township of Breedon, to the Cloud-wood. In it there are remarkably strong earths, which, I apprehend, were not stopped; yet renard did not remain here: on the contrary, he passed along by Spring-wood, to Osgathorpe, and leaning to the left, and crossing the Low-wood on Charnwood-forest, made away in the direction of Gracedieu Toll-gate, to Mr. Cropper's cottage, and, passing the rough, strong, and rocky cover of Gracedieu-park. Here he turned to the left, crossing Chaiuwood-forest, to Sharply-rocks. I now concluded he would endeavour to shelter himself in these almost inaccessible fastnesses, where I have seen foxes re-

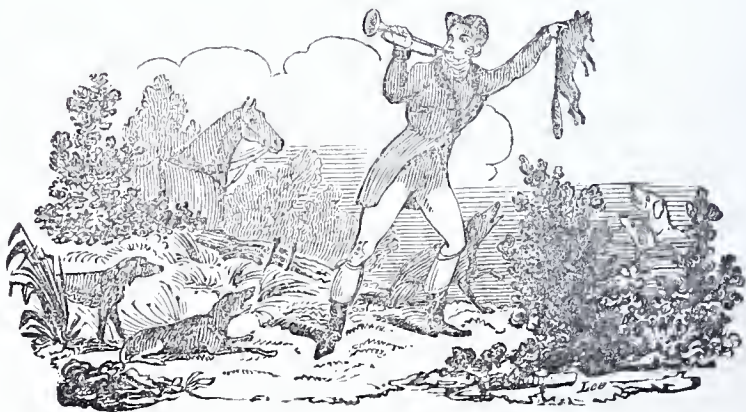
peatedly stop for refuge when hard run, though they generally lose their lives in the manœuvre ; for, notwithstanding the various crevices and holes which the rocks afford, there is not one from which a fox may not be drawn. However, this gallant chase did not stop, but made away over the forest, in the direction of the parish of Charnwood ; leaving which to the left, he stretched away for the strong cover of Bardon-hill, the shelter of which he, also, disdained, and leaving the village of Whitwich, to the right, crossed the Bardon grounds, for Shaw-lane, Markfield, by Steward's Hay-woods, to Newtown ; whence he directed his course to Broadgate-park, where Lord Stamford's fox-hounds were formerly kept, passed the mouldering ruins, known by the name of Ulscroft-Abbey, and was killed a little distance beyond them, after a most extraordinary run of two hours.

The distance compassed must have been twenty-five miles ; and, though this fox was pursued by one of the fleetest packs in England, they did not reach him till he had absolutely fallen down from mere exhaustion.

The mode in which the fox ran was singular, as I have already mentioned ; and it is highly probable (being a dog fox) that he had rambled from Mr. Osbaldeston's hunt (in which he was killed) to the place where he was found by Mr. Meynall's hounds.

A CONSTANT READER.*

* We have to request the forgiveness of "A Constant Reader" for the delay which has occurred in the publication of his communication. Except on very particular papers, we are compelled to obey the vulgar law of "first come first to be served," when we have so many, and such encreasing friends.—EDIT.



2

THE FANCY GAZETTE FOR APRIL.

If "the noblest study of mankind is man,"
Then let each ring-going cove our labours scan.

FRESH endeavours to bring about a battle of the *big ones* have been essayed, and were apparently well backed; but the parties vacillated at various points, and when one was ready in person the other was ready in purse—*too heavy*. That is to say, one *Brown*, a Salopian of six feet one and a half inch, which constitutes his only *fighting* requisite, came up to town with the avowed purpose of accepting a challenge from any one, and hence asserting his right to be hailed the "Champion of England." No, says *Jem Ward*, you must first *take it out* of me; I am ready with a £300 stake; and, with this understanding, they assemble at the Tennis-court, at Cribb's, and elsewhere, and speechify over the matter, when Mr. Brown discovers this sum is too small, as he can be backed for £500. His friends, charmed with his *quantity*, no doubt, enabled him to say this much with truth, whilst the friends and backers of Ward cooled from the same cause; they were "out of town" awhile. But Brown is not Champion, therefore; the man that will not fight another, who stands between him and the championship, for £300, or £200, or less, has little claim to the *title*, an empty one though it be. This, however, is the state of the case, as between these two men; Brown having no single pretension but the unexpected defeat of Shelton, the glistening glory of which conquest has been since tarnished. His adventure with Sampson amounted to nothing, as regards the question at issue, whatever it may do, as exemplifying Sampson's eagerness for the fray. Upon this hinge, we are free to maintain that real *pugilists* do not thrust their fists in the faces of others, but rather *put up* with such an affront until the day of reckoning arrives; and we have two good and striking instances before the mind's eye of two of the biggest and best men in the ring having so suspended their ire, and, after due lapse, led away victory captive. In fine, the coolest and least refractory men are always the best pugilists, the best fighters, the longest lasters, and most victorious.* Sampson's violence devours him in the midst of the struggle, therefore, he cannot last, and does not coin at even bets. But then, Brown ought not to have put up with a thrust of the fist in his physiognomy from the man that he values at only a *third*, or at most *three-fifths*, of Ward—if we measure his motives by the relative amount of his stakes. He does not stand high enough in *the list* of fighting-

* In the "Journal of a Soldier," published last summer, we find a corroboration of the same opinion, which has been maintained in these pages from its commencement. He tells us that the most quarrelsome, fighting soldiers in camp, were the worst men in action. So it is in society; *pugilists* are never quarrelsome, they are the *mere boxers* who render themselves obnoxious in house or camp.

men to shield himself behind his dignity; but must bustle his way through thick and thin, through rebuffs and caresses, through good report and evil, if he hope to make any figure in the ring as a pugilist; though, it must be allowed, that he is already well enough to *look at*, only he has not the knack of *doing* the thing *secundem artem*. Meantime, another candidate for "the championship" arrives in town, from Norfolk, and puts in his claim to the *honour*. His name is Slack; he stands six feet and an inch; of course, he is big enough in all conscience, but has not fixed the exact value of his pretensions. We think £25 ought to satisfy him.

To those who are curious in such inquiries it may be desirable information, that Ward stands just as high now, precisely where he did, as ten months ago, in the opinion of the best and most unbiassed judges. They also think, that whenever any man in the kingdom can bring the affair into a tangible shape, the backers of Ward are willing to make a match for him, and to stake, in the usual manner, to the amount of 300, 400, or £500. To which we must add, that whoever aspires to "the title," and will not fight for *either sum*, as may be most convenient *at the time* to the opposite party, is no better than a braggadocio pretender; it is not because a man may have caught hold of a liberal backer *for the moment*, who will go the *highest* sum, that, therefore, he will not come into the ring for a less one; for this does but prove the opinion of the individual capitalist, but will carry no weight whatever with a single boxosophist, or even boxophilos. The times are altered quite since the affairs of *the ring* were left at the mercy of the unlettered and foolish *penman*, whose idiot *dictæ* long spoiled *honest* prize-fighting, and would have led astray the public mind as to the *science* and professors of pugilism, if the Fancy Gazette had not settled the distinction that exists between the one and the other; and now insists that the latter can, and will, and must continue to exist in the *best informed circles*, when the former has been put away, abrogated, and set at naught, as it ought, since it cannot be carried on honestly. Indeed, who is there in those *circles*, and those only, who does not feel that (except the Gazette) up to this hour, no channel of public information is open; no *print* of any description dares to speak out, to call black *black*, and white *white*; for they would thus raise a host of enemies among the *black-legged* and *white-feathered* parts of ring-goers, each of which is more numerous than the honest or the scientific parts, and altogether comprise a proportion of six to one against the *better sort*, who are, moreover, less turbulent and less noisy than the adverse parties. Therefore, it is, the sporting newspaper editors must and do temporise: they hold a candle *to the devil* to save their bones whole; for, whenever one of them finds it his duty to "pen down for an *ass*" only a fellow *qui doit d'être pendu*, the culprit meets him with personal abuse, in the streets or at public meetings, if not with threats of personal violence, from which his *tactiques* but ill defend him. They dare not let their readers know when a *cross* is on the tapis, nor to report it so after it has come off.

But in the Annals of Sporting no such qualms assail the heart

of the Gazetteer, and his readers have been saved, on more than one occasion, the laying of improvident bets on "cross-made" matches; the perpetrators have been abashed, and prize-fighting for "ready-made luck" is now scouted by all the better sort of ring-goers, so that none of the most desirable amateurs now attend any such fights as are knocked up by the publicans and circumcised sinners, and no other exist at present, notwithstanding the notices recently served out of battles "to be or not to be," according to circumstances; a question that is frequently decided in the negative when the flats do not bite, or the men will not be bought. On this head the prophetic reproofs of a very old ring-goer, who knows as much about things as most men, serve us as finely illustrative of the present period. "What, d'ye talk about the magistrates and them *putting down* prize-fighting?" observed Bill G***n to some "red-cross knights" at the Castle, some eleven years since; "there's no occasion for them to interfere, for you are taking the trouble off their hands. So help me bob! only you go on making these cross-matches for a year, or two, or three, (I don't mind,) and you'll find no respectable amateurs take any interest in the thing; you may go by yourselves, and lay bets with each other; there now! and fight it or not, you are done, I tell ye all—done brown; I'll bet ye what you like of it—*there now*." And Bill was right, as the event proves. The day of *prize-fighting* is over, and the present race must pass away before it will revive. Not so, however, the love of pugilism as a science, (without which the land would be over-run with *bullies*,) nor the necessity of men deciding their quarrels with the fists, however clumsily the feat is performed, or by whatever *accidents* it may occasionally be attended.* We met the old one at Jack Martin's early in

* That the taste for *Fancy Sports* extends all over the world, and has pervaded all ages, as it *does all ranks here*, there needed no ghost to inform us: the consolatory fact is proved by many voracious travellers, in one respect, and the amateurship of most English persons oozes out in many of the minor transactions of life. Even ladies make allusions, delicately, to *the science*; and we have seen some of our best statesmen and wisest lawyers, subsequently to being "sworn in," *sparr* with each other, as if *by instinct*, to say nothing of those who use the gloves as exercise, and give us an invitation occasionally for that purpose. Of course, the word *sparr*, as just used, does not allude to the *sparring in words*, so common to *the bar*; but we may here notice, *en passant*, that the very application of the word *sparr* to the squabbles of our gownsmen, itself denotes amateurship, or love of Fancy Sports. No longer ago than April 12, a grave and learned proprietor of India Stock, *Gilchrist* by name, proposed to *second* an ill-used person, whom he considered lay under the oppression of the nobles of that place. His words were emphatic, and he spoke of one Mr. Bowring, who had been unfairly floored. "If his Satanic Majesty were, at this moment, on the floor of this court, and a body of proprietors attacked him on all sides, I would step forward to his assistance, and act as his *bottle-holder*," said Dr. GILCHRIST, *of himself*. What is more, one of the persons so accused of oppression, who is, also, a merchant of *city note* and ponderous purse, steps forth to ridicule the proposed assistance; but in doing so, he, too, falls into the scheme of couching what he has to say "under the semblance

March, and recalled the subject to his mind. "Yes, yes," he added, with chronic hoarseness, "so they will *fight*, but what is

of a"—*prize fight report!* That this illusion is ill supported makes nothing against the argument. They cannot help it. Go into any counting-house in the city, and the day shall not pass away without some half a dozen such allusions to Fancy Sports coming out—*rap*: is a man bankrupt, he is "floored" in town, but if a countryman, they become more agrarian, and now say he is "grassed." When a partner dies, he is "done for;" and, if he run away, "bolted" expresses the rapidity of his motions.

Lately, a young gentleman, giving a serious account of a tour in the West Indies, with his relation *the Bishop*, (who is supposed to have revised the publication,) tells us that some of the negresses "would not come up to *the scratch*," where his reverend cousin stood ready to *tack* them together in wedlock with their mates.

In the middle of *Africa*, we learn that the same disposition to attack each other with the *hands* prevails, as in this country, and the details of some modern travellers prove, at any rate, that they themselves had a *taste* for the Fancy; for one of them, Capt. Clapperton, got up a *ring* of his own, and distributed prizes to the combatants in six battles. But the Captain exhibits a vitiated taste in terming those rude combats "pugilistic," this word being applied only to those battles where the fists only are used, and that with some degree of science. However, he shall speak for himself:—"Having heard a great deal of the boxers of Haussa, I was anxious to witness their performance. Accordingly I sent one of my servants to offer two thousand whydah for a pugilistic exhibition. As the death of one of the combatants is almost certain before a battle is over, I expressly prohibited all fighting in earnest. The boxers arrived, attended by two drums, and the whole body of butchers, who here compose "The Fancy." A ring was soon formed, by the master of the ceremonies throwing dust on the spectators, to make them stand back. The drummers entered the ring, and began to drum lustily. One of the boxers followed, quite naked, except a skin round the middle. He placed himself in an attitude as if to oppose an antagonist, and wrought his muscles into action, seemingly to find out that every sinew was in full force for the approaching combat; then coming, from time to time, to the side of the ring, and presenting his right arm to the bystanders, he said, "I am a hyena; I am a lion; I am able to kill all that oppose me." The spectators to whom he presented himself laid their hands on his shoulder, repeating, "The blessing of God be upon thee;" "Thou art a hyena;" "Thou art a lion." He then abandoned the ring to another, who showed off in the same manner. The right hand and arm of the pugilists were now bound with narrow country cloth, beginning with a fold round the middle finger, when, the hand being first clenched with the thumb between the fore and middle fingers, the cloth was passed in many turns round the fist, the wrist, and fore arm. After about twenty had separately gone through their attitudes of defiance, and appeals to the spectators, they were next brought forward by pairs. If they happened to be friends, they laid their left breasts together twice, and exclaimed, "We are lions;" "We are friends." One then left the ring, and another was brought forward. If the two did not recognise one another as friends, the set-to immediately commenced. On taking their stations, the two pugilists first stood at some distance, parrying with the left hand open, and, whenever opportunity offered, striking with the right. They generally aimed at the pit of the stomach, and under the ribs. Whenever they closed, one seized the other's head under his arm, and beat it with his fist, at the same time striking, with his knee, between the antagonist's thighs. In this position, with his head *in chancery*, they are said sometimes to attempt to gouge or

to keep up the system, and bring forward fresh men of pluck and science but men of money? and all of these know what fellows [Bill used another word] they have to deal with; I tell them of it——." Bill was in the right of it.

Accordingly, no fights have taken place in the last month, but little mongrel battles, of doubtful origin, or hawbuck-matches. One of these latter occurred on Easter-Monday, at the Old Barge-house, opposite Woolwich, for a few pounds, between two commoners, named Clarke and David Scarlett, who polished his man off in thirty-five minutes, without giving away a chance.

Young Dutch Sam and Tom Cooper, brother of Jack, are fighting a battle, for £30 a-side, in Essex, nearly at the moment we are writing. The details are not worth recording, farther than that the former was declared victor.

BENEFITS.

The benefits, or assemblage at sparring-exhibitions, in order to put a few pounds in the pockets of the men, have all experienced a good accession of spectators lately, which is accounted for partly by the diversity of the places of meeting. *Harry Jones*, at the *Thatched-house*, in the Strand, on the 12th, was well supported in that respect, but the setting-to laid all with commouers. *Isaac Bitton's*, at the *Jacob's Well*, Barbicau, was further distinguished by some good sparring, in the afternoon, as was *Barney Aaron's*, at *Howard's Coffee-house*, Aldgate, at night.

Sampson's, at the Tennis-court, on the 3d of the month, was only remarkable for two bouts of single-stick playing, and the set-to between Ward and Sampson. They had agreed to ruffian the business, and the latter commenced operations on the offensive; but Jem punished him down on his knees, and ultimately laid him at full length on the stage. It was one of those displays of hardihood which never fail to please, though we cannot admire as being instructive in the niceties of sparring. Claret plenty. Sampson re-mounted the stage, after a while, to address the audience. "I am here. Jem Ward has beat me twice; he has beat me again to-day with the gloves; but where is Brown? Where is he? I am here with £300, ready. Brown slips into London, gets a benefit, and bolts; I say, let him come to the scratch, or leave the London-ring." *Plaudits*.

For *Ned Turner* his friends had issued tickets about three weeks

scoop out one of the eyes. When they break loose, they never fail to give a swinging blow, with the heel, under the ribs, or sometimes under the left ear. It is these blows which are so often fatal. The combatants were repeatedly separated by my orders, as they were beginning to lose their temper. When this spectacle was heard of, girls left their pitchers at the wells, the market people threw down their baskets, and all ran to see the fight. The whole square before my house was crowded to excess. After six pair had gone through several rounds, I ordered them, to their great satisfaction, the promised reward, and the multitude quietly dispersed."—*Discoveries in Africa*.

before to raise the wind for him a little in his last moments; but it took place not until the 18th of April, by reason of Brown having taken the Tennis-court "over his head" at the end of March. When the day arrived, however, poor *mised* Ned was in no state to receive *benefit* at the hands of the amateurs; he had been long dwindling, and on the day preceding was placed *hors de combat*: he died in East Smithfield, on the 17th, at the house of Mr. Baxter, his relation, in the thirty-third year of his age. But this fact was reserved, lest its publicity should spoil the receipts of the court, until the sports terminated. About £50 were cleared by the receipts.

Bill Richmond has opened a set of rooms, in Panton-street, nearly opposite Tom Cribb's, where he spars the nobility, gentry, and civilians daily. This good old one has become *hoary* in the service, but still retains all the freshness and gayness of youth. This is now the only *establishment* of the kind in the kingdom, and therefore calls for this public notice and recommendation to those who would learn the art as taught by Bill; but all the men teach as many pupils as apply to them—those who keep *public houses* in particular, and a couple of sovereigns is the proper remuneration for half a dozen lessons from any of them. At this moment, we can assert, from certain knowledge, there are more gentleman sparrers than ever were known to receive lessons at any one period. The existence of this fact induces in us a wish to give the readers of the *Annals of Sporting* a few hints of the manner of setting-to of the different teachers of the art of self defence, with allusions to their more distinguished pupils.

MATCHES.

Gaynor and *Aleck Reid*, of Chelsea, are matched for £50 a-side, to meet on the 16th of May. Half the stakes are down, and Tom Cribb is to hold them *fast*.

Several propositions for matches have been made, as usual, from man to man, but they prove nullities, and some were simply bounceable threats.

One of these, coming from *Ward*, stated he would give *Cannon* another taste for a *cool hundred*, that he might have an opportunity of showing what he can perform without *hoaxing*, has brought up the *great gun* from Windsor with the money in his pocket, to meet that proposal in a mercantile manner, and Harry Holt is the medium of communication on this topic.

Curtis and *Barney*. Gone off; Dick thinks that fighting a full stone up-hill is giving a chance away.

Langan was hinted at by Tom Spring as a proper competitor to Cannon, adding that he would put down a hundred for Langan [*nix*]. But that determined hard-headed boxer and poor pugilist was in Cork at the very time, "giving lessons in the art of self-defence," *they say*.

SPORTING OCCURRENCES IN APRIL,

With such notices of rarities in Natural History as pertain to the Chase, the Turf, the Stud, and the Ring, and such other Intelligence as may interest the lover of Athletic Sports: made up to the 20th Day of each Month.

BERKS.

A *steeple chase* took place on Monday, April 20, for 150 sovs, from the kennel, on Ascot-Heath, to Bolney-Lodge, near Chertsey (Capt. Smith's), between Mr. Farrant, of Wingfield, and Messrs. Jocelyn and Anstruther. The competitors all belonged to the Farley-hill-Hunt, and there was a grand competition. Mr. Jocelyn took the lead, but he was headed, before he crossed the Bagshot-road, by Mr. Farrant, on Mermaid. Severe play was made between the three, and Mr. Farrant won it by three minutes.

The *Berkeley stag-hounds* met at Cranford-bridge on Easter Monday, attended by upwards of a thousand persons. The stag was turned out at twelve, closely followed the hounds, took, with great speed, towards Drayton, by Colubrook and Horton, to the river Thames, near Staines-bridge, which he crossed, with the hounds in a body close after him. By this time, the field had become very select, and the hounds, continuing their speed on the other side of the river, soon reached St. Ann's Hill, passed Otter-shaw-park, and over the Wild Heaths to Woking, and ran in to their deer, in gallant style, near Guildford, a distance of twenty miles from the place of starting, in two hours and a half: out of the numerous field there were not above fifty horsemen in at the end. It is an extraordinary coincidence, that this same deer was taken the same distance from Guildford on the Easter Monday of last year.

Chamois.—Four live specimens of the beautiful *antilope rupicapra*, or the chamois from the Alps of Switzerland, were lately shipped at Leith, for the King. They were sent from Switzerland to the Earl of Fife, who presented them to His Majesty, and they will be naturalized in Windsor Great Park. These are the first of these beautiful animals which have reached this country alive. There are two females, a buck, and a kid.

They are nearly of the size of the fallow deer, or common goat, but elegantly formed, with horns slightly bent back, and curved at the apex.

The match between the Plover mare, the property of Major Huskinson, of Anwell, and Mr. Forbes's Trinculo, sixteen miles, took place, on Wednesday morning, over three miles of ground, at Anwell, each carrying feather weight. The mare was backed at 6 to 4, and the like odds that the winner performed the sixteen miles within an hour. The match was performed as follows:—

The horse.

The mare.

	M.	S.		M.	S.
Three miles	13	30	12	20
Ditto	11	10	12	25
Ditto	11	8	11	59
Ditto	11	12	12	20
Ditto	12	16	13	2
The mile	3	50	4	2
<hr/>			<hr/>		
	63	6		66	8

The horse broke into a gallop in the second mile, or the sixteen miles would have been done within an hour. The mare was beat, as will be seen, in the fourteenth mile.

Brutality punished.—As a lad, in the employment of Mr. Perryman, was proceeding to the Castle-yard, Windsor, followed by a greyhound, belonging to his master, the sentinel at the guard-room insisted upon the dog being turned back, which the boy refusing to do, the sentinel thrust his bayonet into the hip of the dog, and killed him on the spot. Next day, March 29, Col. Cochrane, the commanding officer of the regiment, gave the man up to the civil power, which will be found fully sufficient to punish the offence without the impertinence of an act.

BUCKS.

Royal hunt.—On Saturday, March 18, His Majesty's stag-hounds hunted a remarkably fine deer, which afforded a most excellent day's sport, it being

near dark when the deer was taken. The deer was turned out on Iver-heath, and took across the country, through woods and fields, with such amazing speed that the sportsmen could hardly keep in view of him. The deer was taken about six miles on the other side of High Wycomb, after a long day's chase.

On Wednesday, March 29, a numerous field of gentlemen hunted a fine deer, which was turned out for the day's diversion, on Wooburn-green; the deer took up the hill and across the country towards High Wycomb, where he ran with great speed for some time, and was taken, after a good chase, some miles the other side the town. The season closed on the 4th of April, when a deer was turned out at Uxbridge, before a numerous field, but the run, to-day, was not a very long one. Lately, a lady joined the hunt, upon a spirited horse, and, in crossing Stoke-common, she was unable to restrain his course so as to avoid a gravel-pit. They were both precipitated into the deepest part, containing water from eleven to fifteen feet. All the spectators were appalled, and unable to render any assistance.—Mr. Wigginton, of Eton, however, rode up before it was too late, and throwing himself into the water, rescued the lady, whose name is Osborne.

CUMBERLAND.

At Carlisle, lately, a laughing hyena, belonging to a menagerie, stationed on the Common, escaped from his domicile, and paid a friendly visit to a 'rude Hyrcanian bear,' inhabiting a neighbouring den; when bruin, in the warmth of neighbourly affection, received the stranger with so fraternizing a hug as nearly dispossessed him of all vital respiration; but, on being extricated from his rude grasp, by the interposition of the keeper, the unwelcome visitor, with 'breathless haste,' found the way back to his den, conceiving it no 'laughing' matter, while paying a friendly visit to a neighbour, to meet with courtesy so *overstrained* as nearly to deprive him of existence.

DEVON.

Female pedestrian.—A woman undertook, on Tuesday, April 4, at Exeter-fair, to walk fifty miles in ten hours and a half;—she accomplished the task with ease in eight hours and a half, having two hours to spare.

Sixteen young rooks were, on Wednesday, April 12, picked up underneath a small rookery belonging to Wearman Gifford, Esq. at Parker's Well, having been blown from their nests by the high wind of the preceding night.

Devon stag-hunt.—Sir Arthur Chichester has kept alive this royal sport in the north of Devon, his hounds having had most unprecedented runs this season, which throw the Brighton and all other crack packs completely in the back ground. Within the present month several runs have occupied from two hours and a half to three hours, without a check, and are, at least, equalled in speed and time by the following:—On Monday, March 27, the hounds found a fine stag in Bray-ball-wood, with which they broke cover in beautiful style, but from this promise of sport they were checked, and suddenly a beautiful hind was roused, which ran through Charles-wood, down the water, under Replham-wood, and was there joined by a stag; they continued together to Bradly-bridge, and through Lord Fortescue's Park, Bremridge-wood, over the Lime-pits, to Heale-wood, near Kingsnympton-park; here a herd of deer got in the midst of the pack, and the hunted hind and stag were lost,—after a severe run of upwards of three hours.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Painswick ringers.—On Tuesday, April 4, a very fine peal of Grandsire Titum Caters, containing 5165 changes, with only two bells behind the ninth, was rung, at Painswick-church, in the space of three hours and six minutes, composed and conducted by William Estcourt.

Several swallows were seen in the neighborhood of Bristol, on Monday last, the 10th of April, which, we believe, is the earliest day they are ever seen in England.

HANTS.

Game laws.—Sarah West, aged sixty-nine, convicted of having a hare in her possession, has been committed to the county Bridewell, at Winchester, for three months. Having been for many years errand woman from Tadley to Basingstoke, she was requested to carry a hare to the latter place by a poacher; who, being afterwards apprehended for poaching, gave information against the old woman, and thereby saved himself from the penalty. If any thing were wanting to show the brutal inhumanity of the game laws, it is here furnished in a new and more odious light—in an instance of their sparing neither age nor sex—and of their arming persons with weapons against each other, which are convertible to the worst and most oppressive purposes. Here we have a poor old woman, for merely carrying a hare, in the exercise of her ordinary calling, consigned to a longer and severer punishment than awaits one-half the most depraved London thieves who are tried at the Old Bailey.

Royal-hunt. — A fine deer was turned out, on Easter Monday, on Farnham-common, for a day's diversion by the King's Stag-hounds. A numerous circle of sportsmen, of all ranks, were assembled on the Common, as well as a great number on foot, to partake of the sport. The deer, on starting, proceeded to the direction of Dropmore-hill, through the woods leading to it, where he was headed by the sportsmen on foot, the deer then made a double round towards Clifton, and ran down the hill towards the Thames. The sportsman, who imagined that he would cross the water, proceeded, together with the hounds, over Maidenhead-bridge, and took to the right; but the deer was running along the bottom of the wood, under Clifton-hill, by the spring, when one of the yeomen prickers, who was following the deer, gave a signal for the huntsman and hounds to return over the bridge, which they did, and, turning to the left, renewed the chase. The deer, proceeding up the hill towards Lord Barton's seat, at Hedsor, and, taking

to the left, by Wooburn, up the hill, and through Beaconsfield, then to the right, and back again, through the woods and enclosures, down to Farnham, crossed the Bath-road towards the Thames, which he crossed opposite Braywick; the deer took across the fields, towards White Waltham, then to the left, towards Binfield, and through the enclosures, near Lord Brook's Park, where the fine deer was at last taken, after an excellent chase of above five hours, during which time it is supposed to have run above sixty miles.

Stag-hunt.—On Monday, 3d April, for the last time this season, a fine stag was turned out on our race-ground, before the hounds of C. Shard, Esq. in the presence of a numerous field of sportsmen. Several equipages and ladies on horseback, also, graced the lively scene, the delight of which was greatly heightened by the urbanity of the master, and the fineness of the day. The stag, on being liberated, for some time surveyed the assemblage, then took across the country, by Pile's Farm, towards Itchen, which he left on the right, turning to the left, through part of Mitcheldever-wood, by Stratton, Farleyhouse, Nutley, Ilsfield, Herriard - common, and Golden - pots, where he was viewed, and ultimately taken, after a brilliant run of three hours and a quarter. It is calculated that no less than 300 horsemen were present.

LEICESTER.

Melton hunt.—This town and its vicinity boasted a numerous assemblage of gentlemen of the first distinction, during all the month of March. It is calculated that no less than from 600 to 700 hunters and hacks were, all that while, and long previous, consuming the produce of the farmers and graziers in that neighbourhood. The great and interesting steeple-chase for 1,000 guineas, from Barkby - holt to Billeston - coplow, made by Lord Kennedy and Captain Ross, is supposed to have contributed to this accession of company in no common degree; for, besides the original bet, immense sums were laid on the event throughout the kingdom. The

gentlemen of Melton and the neighbourhood are building, by subscription, a very commodious cock-pit and theatre, far surpassing any thing of the kind hitherto constructed in this part of the kingdom.

Steeple chase for 1000 sovereigns aside.—On Friday, March 31, a match took place at Melton Mowbray, between Lord Kennedy and Capt. Ross, and which has, for some months, excited the attention of all the sporting classes. It was made to ride a distance of five miles as the crow flies; Captain Ross to ride for himself, and Capt. Douglas for his Lordship. The betting on the match has been at even, though, in some instances, six to five have been laid on Captain Ross. At an early hour on Friday morning, a numerous concourse of sportsmen, including all the members of the different hunts about Melton, were at Barkby-holt, to witness the start; and a neck-and-neck race was anticipated by those who knew the qualities of the horses and their riders; but that expectation was completely disappointed. At a signal given by the umpires, the parties started, at a terrible slashing pace, Captain R. leading; at the first fence in his route, Captain Douglas made a leap, but his horse not clearing it, fell; nothing daunted, he again dashed at the fence, but a second time fell, and this decided the race at once—he was seen no more in it. Captain Ross, on the contrary, made a straight forward course across the country, to the winning point, and, having it all his own way, cleared his leaps, and won, of course, without a struggle. The result disappointed hundreds. Immense sums were lost on the occasion.

Cocking for 50l. a battle, and 1000l. the main.—The grand match between Lord Kennedy and Captain Ross, at Melton, (Potter and Nash feeders,) was decided on Thursday, April 6th, after a contest of three days, in favour of the latter gentleman. Heavy sums have been won and lost on the occasion.

LANCASHIRE.

Manchester.—A main of cocks was

fought, at the New Pit, Salford, on Easter Monday and Tuesday, between the gentlemen of Stayley-bridge, (Booth, feeder), and the gentlemen of Manchester, (Howarth, feeder), for 100 guineas the main, and five guineas a battle.

BOOTH.		M.	B.
Monday, 1st Innings	3	0
2d ditto	5	0
Tuesday, 1st Innings	4	2
2d ditto	4	1

16 3

HOWARTH.		M.	B.
1st Innings	3	1
2d ditto	2	1
Tuesday, 1st Innings	2	0
2d ditto	3	0

10 2

OXFORDSHIRE.

Trotting-match.—Prophetess, the fast trotting mare, belonging to Major Thorn, of Wycomb, started over two miles of Newstead-course, to trot, with feather weight, seventeen miles within an hour, for 300 sovereigns, on Saturday, March 25. The mare is rising six years old, and was rode by young Stubbs, of Stoken-Church, who won the match, beating time by 39 seconds only.

Foot-race for 500 sovereigns.—The match between Captain Pearson and G. Ramsey, Esq. over three miles of Ashbourne-enclosure, near Bicester, took place, on Tuesday, April 4, the latter receiving a mile in 27. It was a real sporting match, at 5 to 4 on Captain Pearson. It was won, by Pearson, in 2 hours, 50 minutes, 1 second, beating his opponent by 19 minutes, 46 seconds. Much money was pending that the winner did not perform the distance in three hours.

Mr. Ramsey did not make any attempt after the 24th mile, being beaten against his will. The miles were somewhat short of measure, but it was accepted on both sides.

SURREY.

Trotting-match.—Mr. Thompson started his mare, Miniature, on the morning of April 13, with eight stone on her back, to trot seven miles and a half (saddle), for 100 sovereigns.

The race took place over three miles of Ashley-enclosure, near Epsom, and the time allowed was half an hour. The first three miles were performed in twelve minutes, and the race was won cleverly, with half a minute to spare. Betting was six to four against time.

Atlas minor.—On Monday, April 3, a person of the name of Brown, a miller, near Croydon, carried, at Waddon-Mill, for a considerable wager, three sacks of flour, twenty yards, with but trifling fatigue. They were lashed together, and raised by him from other sacks; which, considering his weight, only 10st. 8lb. or one-eighth of the whole, load, is a feat in this class of athletics, without equal.

SUSSEX.

Fox-hunt.—The Hurstmonceaux Harriers unkennelled a fox, in the neighbourhood of Warbleton, the last day of March, and, after a severe chase of two hours and a half, without a check, poor renard was reluctantly compelled to surrender his brush to his keen pursuers, after having led them through eight different parishes.

Fowler and hawk.—Early in April, a snipe which, by dexterity of wing, had baffled the aim of a gunner, and escaped from his shot, after taking a sort of reconnoitring flight, according to its habit, was apparently returning to the rill from which it had been routed, when a hawk pounced upon it, and instantly struck it dead; it fell to the ground, and was picked up by the person who had previously shot at it, he, in marking the progress of the bird, having witnessed the attack. He had neglected to reload his gun, or the little tyrant of the air would, probably, have paid dearly for his temerity. The poor snipe must have been stricken with almost incredible force, as one of its wings was very badly broken, and its head partly scalped. The circumstance occurred near Lewes.

Extraordinary stag-hunt.—The celebrated Derby stag, Robin Hood, was again turned out before the Subscription Harriers, on Wednesday, March 22. He was lowered from the cart, at Cockaroost, precisely at mid day, and, soon after, to use the

sporting phrase, he stretched away “up wind;” but not relishing the keen attack of Boreas full in his teeth, ere he reached the Devil’s Dyke, he turned himself about, and proceeded “down wind” for Portslade, and then, bearing westward, increased his speed in a line for Shoreham. The field, which was gallantly attended, now afforded a busy scene—the scent was breast high; the dogs ran with their noses up; and whip and spur made desperate havoc with horse-flesh. The stag, “nothing loth,” continued his rapid course until he reached the Audur, when he dashed into the river, gained its opposite bank, and then on to the Piers, which form the opening where the harbour connects itself with the sea. Taking to the water again, he crossed the said passage at its southern extremity, and once more reaching the beach, he merrily bore away for Lancing. The sportsmen could not follow him through the river, as above mentioned, but the huntsman and the pack were put across into a boat, while the former made the best of their way for Old Shoreham-bridge, and, soon after, were again in the midst of the diversion on this side of Lancing. The stag, however, hard pressed at the latter place, not only made for the sea, but plunged fearlessly into the liquid element, and pursued a swimming career until he was no longer discernible from the land. Several of the dogs had nearly perished in attempting to follow him. Not a doubt now existed in the field that their favourite Robin Hood had enlivened their spirits in the chase for the last time; and the larger proportion of the gentlemen, in consequence, returned home, deploring the unexpected and unwished for catastrophe. After a lapse of much time, however, Mr. Martin, of Rottingdean, a deservedly esteemed and staunch member of the hunt, applied to Lieut. Jones, of the Coast Blockade, who, at his request, put to sea, with his crew, in a boat, in quest of poor Robin; and, most satisfactorily, their efforts were attended with success. They came up with the stag about two miles from land, fixed a rope to his head, and brought him back to

the shore, after swimming, from first to last, two hours and fifty minutes. He was gay in the water, but he had completely lost the use of his legs on returning to land, he, therefore, was carefully conveyed to Lancing, where, it is pleasant to observe, he was completely recovered, and now holds forth to his owners the promise of additional sport.

WILTS.

Ring.—On Tuesday morning, April 4, Holt's celebrated peal of Grandsire Triples, in ten courses, and containing 5040 changes, was rung, at Trowbridge, in a superior style, by eight youths of that town, in three hours and sixteen minutes.

Game-laws.—At the Wiltshire sessions, in Sarum, John Bailey, jun. was convicted, and sentenced to transportation, for having unlawfully entered a wood belonging to Earl Nelson, armed with a gun and bludgeon, with intent to destroy game, in company with Thomas Frampton and his brother, William Bailey.—It appears that the keepers came up with poachers, when a dreadful scuffle ensued, in which William Bailey was either killed on the spot, or died very shortly afterwards from the effects of the blows he received; John Bailey, the prisoner, was also so very severely maimed, that his life was long time despaired of; Frampton was convicted at the Devizes Sessions, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. It was generally anticipated that, from the excruciating tortures the prisoner must have undergone, and from the circumstance of his brother having been killed in the affray, that justice would have been satisfied by a slight punishment. The magistrates, too, were divided: but the majority being of opinion that he *now* merited seven years' transportation, that sentence was passed upon him.

YORK.

Something of an affair of honour took place at Beverley, early in the month, between Mr. Alderman Williams and Mr. Makenzie Beverley, a magistrate. For some weeks, the alderman carried a horsewhip in his

in his pocket, with the intention to castigate the sharp-pointed penman, whenever an opportunity offered, for the liberty he had taken with his name and character in a recent publication. About nine o'clock in the evening, the magistrate was returning from a religious meeting, when the alderman, who was keeping a sharp look out, pounced down upon him, and gave him a cut across the face, and the whip was again whistling on its way to a second embrace, when a left-handed blow came in contact with the alderman's head, and brought him to the ground. It was a finisher for *the whip*, and he was *had up*, next day. This horse-whipping fun is very difficult of execution against a pair of good fists.

Hunting accident.—As Mr. William Lee, grandson of John Lee, Esq. was following the Badsworth hounds, on Saturday, April 1, his horse fell, near Badsworth, and precipitated him to the ground, where his head came in contact with a stone, by which his skull was fractured a little above the right eye.—Not conceiving himself seriously injured, he again mounted his horse, and began to follow the chase.—But, soon becoming dizzy from the pressure of the fractured bone upon the brain, he fell from his horse, and was taken up in a state of insensibility. A surgeon was sent for, (Mr. Branson, of Doncaster), by whom the operation of trepanning was very ably performed, and we are happy to be enabled to add, that every prospect is, at present, entertained of the young gentleman's doing well.

IRELAND.

Angling extraordinary.—On Wednesday, April 5th, while fishing the pond at Marlfield distillery, Mr. Thomas Harvey hooked a trout, which broke his line near the wheel, and carried it away. The following morning, one of the workmen seeing a dead baldcoot moving slowly on the surface of the water, in a place where there was no current whatever, had the curiosity to raise it out of the pond, when he found the part of the fishing line lost by Mr. Harvey, the

day before, with the trout attached by the fly at one end of it, and the bald-coot by the fly at the other end, both hooked by the mouth. The trout was quite lively, but the coot was drowned, of course, from its head having been too frequently drawn under water by the trout. The bald-coot was a large strong bird of the species; and it is singular that this trout, which is not above nine inches in length, could drown it. This circumstance, so occurring, finely exemplifies the mode of catching pike adopted by the late Col. Thornton; but which we could no otherwise account for when sketching his life, in the 23d number of these *Annals*, page 295.

OCURRENCES IN THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT, including *Sporting Intelligence received by Port Letters, from Abroad.*

Foot-race.—Clapham-common was crowded, on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 29, by some thousands, to witness the performance of a pedestrian match, for one hundred sovereigns; the runner being a crack Yorkshireman, a protege of Josh. Hudson's. The time appointed was three o'clock, but the parties were not on the ground till five, when the pedestrian appeared ready for the start. The distance to be run was ten miles, a mile being measured from opposite the Plough, on the road leading to Wandsworth, which necessarily occasioned nine turns, and for which twenty-seven seconds were added to the hour, the time in which the ten miles were to be accomplished. Each two miles were run as follows:

	M. s.
First two miles	11 33
Second ditto	11 32
Third ditto	11 36
Fourth ditto	11 37
Fifth ditto	11 40
Total.....	57 58

The pedestrian thus won the match by two minutes and twenty-nine seconds, including the allowed twenty-seven seconds. He is short, but very muscular, and carried himself in true running style, except going rather

wide. — “All the family” mustered, as usual on such occasions, in full force, and *put in* for the plate pretty strongly, but are supposed to have gone off with the *browns* a few, as they were noticed to place their eyes on the *wipes* with a wistful leer.

A *trotting match* of ten miles, over a mile circle, at Whetstone-park, Herts, between Captain Holmes's galloway, Cipher, and Miss Jigg, the property of Bolton Meredith, Esq. of Snarresbrook, took place on Monday, April 10, for one hundred sovereigns, each carrying 10st. 4lbs. The mare broke from the trot twice, and completed the distance in 48 minutes 31 seconds; the horse broke but once, and won the match in 47 minutes 18 seconds. It was altogether an excellent race.

Defence of human life against ferocious animals. — Three cases of this nature, the successful repulse of ferocious animals in their attacks upon mankind, may be taken and considered as cautionary to others who may fall into the like dilemmas;—two are of very recent occurrence; the third is more remote, has been hinted at before in these pages, and occurred under our own eye.

First, Mad dogs.—The confidence often reposed in the continued docility of dogs, that may have been long domesticated in a family, is very likely to be misplaced, or, rather, is wholly obliterated by the effects of *hydrophobia*, as exemplified in the case of one which went violently mad, on Monday, April 3. This was a Newfoundland puppy, of uncommon fine symmetry, about half grown, and had been bred up so far from the teat, in the family of a hatter, near Exeter-Change. The owner had taken the precaution of having it wormed by a skilful dog-fancier; one of that tribe which is injuriously set down as *stealers* of the dogs they take a fancy to, but who proved himself in this case more skilful in the manege than in the operation; at least, *worming*, according to received usage, is not a specific preventive of rabies. The dog had been suffered to run up and down the house, and pretty much among a large family of children,

every morning, as soon as the yard was opened. On this morning, however, his owner, Mr. L. fortunately, did not open it as usual, in consequence of the violence with which it bounced against the door; and, upon looking through a window into the yard, he perceived his canine friend raving mad, dragging about the chain, which it had contrived to break during the paroxysms of a cruel disease. Its appearance became every minute more terrific, and, to ascertain the exact nature of the disorder, the dog-fancier was sent for; and, when he came, the animal, overcome with fatigue, had crouched into its kennel, with its nose only visible; and the man, being desirous of bleeding it in the mouth, approached it with a stick and piece of cord only, the latter of which he passed round the dog's neck, and dragged it forth by dint of the chain. The dog flew at the man repeatedly; he presented the stick to its mouth, and caught the chain in one hand, and the rope in the other, holding it off from him, by this means, a considerable time, now with one arm outstretched, now with the other; but as to bleeding it in the mouth, that was impossible, unless, like *Veeshmoo*, he possessed half-a-dozen arms. The contest continued a long time, the dog and man being now almost face to face, the one getting weaker and weaker, through his exertions, the other more ferocious every moment, from the workings of the disease. At length it was found that this mode of keeping it at bay could effect no ultimate good, though exhibiting a good deal of dexterity and courage on the part of the man, and the animal was destroyed by a blow on the head with a poker.

Two things may be learnt from this fact, besides the method of defending oneself from a dog which may be supposed mad, when it might be caught in a noose, and the rope made fast by an overhand knot: 1st, That warning is not effectual; and, 2d, That no dog is to be trusted implicitly at any time in a family—for puppies seldom go mad, and Newfoundlanders less often than any other.

It is worth remarking, that one of the press-gang, who write *per line*, has surcharged the foregoing facts with many preposterous falsehoods, with allusions, to blunderbusses, musketry, and the much-abused elephant, lately killed at Exeter 'Change, with all the mountebankism of a showman. As regards *the dog and the hatter*, this species of puffing is altogether unworthy of a sober tradesman, though very becoming in the hair-cutting *bear-killer* of Threadneedle-street, who, in all other respects, is so far inferior to his neighbour *cutters*, who kill no bears, but bear and forbear.

Second Case, of a dog being fought and beat out of the arena, single-handed, with *fists* only. This is an older occurrence, but not less instructive or worthy of notice amidst a series of such, and has never been published. In 1817, a few doors from Aldersgate-street, in Barbican, two youths kept a shop for the sale of cat's meat. They had a half-bred (terrier and bull) dog of about thirty-five pounds weight, to which they were in the habit of *turning in* such cats as they could pick up, and these the dog destroyed with ease, accompanied by some *yapping*. One evening, the noise thus made, and the assemblage it occasioned, brought to the spot *Mr. Jon Bee*, out of Long-lane, where he then resided; and upon looking into the arena of bloodshed, he perceived his own tabby *clinging against the wall*, at which the dog was barking, and stood ready to destroy it when it should fall, as it ultimately did, and died among several others, before he could get in. The young urchins were seated in a back room, enjoying the *fun*; nor would they call off their dog, though repeatedly urged to do so by persons at the door, or rather over the *hatch*. In order to compel attention to this mandate, our *Jon Bee* ventured into the shop, but was prevented from seizing the offenders by the dog seizing him by the brim of the hat; in this situation, it will be seen, the assailant laid himself open to retaliation on his vitals, which he caught instantly on the belly, and under the jaw. The latter *planter* made him

twist his head about, and it was hoped he would now "cur it;" but, on recovering his stupor a little, he again flew to the assistance of his owners, and nothing remained for our friend but extirpation on the one part or the other, for the crowd at the door had fastened the latch, and there was no retreat for awhile. The battle was renewed with obstinacy, Mr. Bee waiting for the dog, and planting a *muzzler*, or a *jobber*, or both, every time it came on, until, at length, the hatch being opened, the dog fairly bolted, or rather *toddled off* like a *leery cove*.

Third Case. Escape from an enraged cow; showing in what manner horned cattle may be *pinned down* by a person who may be attacked, but not yet gored too severely: the necessity of presence of mind and coolness is, also, herein exemplified. A boy, aged eleven years, son of Mr. William Stoddart, Cockermouth, crossing a field near his father's house, late in March, was attacked by a cow, which threw him twice; on the third attempt, the boy seized it by the nostrils, when the cow pressed him down upon the ground, kneeled upon his breast, and struck its horns a considerable depth into the ground on each side of his neck. The boy's cries alarmed a young man, named William Graham, a cooper, who was working near, and, hastening to the spot, found the cow lying quietly over the boy. Having called twice or thrice, Graham received an answer, and his directions to the little fellow to relax his hold of the cow's nostrils having been complied with, the animal started up, and the boy escaped with but little injury.

HORSE INTELLIGENCE.

Long-Lane, April 25.

Taking Smithfield as the touchstone of the Town-trade generally, though we inquired no further into the affair, we may aver that the demand for fresh saddle horses and prime cart-horses is not brisk enough to take off those which have arrived within the month. In saying this, we leave out of consideration worn-out animals altogether. Coach-horses

and powerful stagers are seldom found in this market: ponies ever find ready sale, though they come up ever so rough.

The present sluggish trade in the first-mentioned kind must be temporary only; with those of the cart and waggon breed it may be considered more permanent. Several causes have led to this state of things, besides the more enlightened manner of treating those 'heavy drag' horses, in the feet particularly: *first*, the *pull* for all heavy gnods for the *north and west* is latterly rendered very short, by reason of the City Canal being so near at hand, those who carry their goods up to Paddington being fewer every day; secondly, the cheapening of gin and other causes, have reduced the sale of porter in the London district about *one-twelfth*, or better; consequently, the labour and wear and tear will be in the same proportion, and must shortly be felt sensibly. From the country we hear that animals of decent quality maintain old prices, post-ers and stagers in particular—*To wit*, Pershore, Hereford, Durham, Worcester, Rugby, Gloucester.

Thieves.—Notwithstanding several capital convictions have been executed upon horse-stealers, many fresh offences meet our eyes every week. Among others, two were carried from Burnham (Bucks) in one night; and, since then, two from Cooksbridge; and next day, a gelding donkey from Sutton Farm-yard, near Seaford. *Honest Tom*, the favourite hunter of Mr. Monk, at Pulborough has been restored to the owner; it was found running at large near Epsom.

Horse stealing.—It appears from a return made by order of the House of Commons, of the persons convicted of horse-stealing during 1823, 1824, and 1825, that the number amounted to 449, of whom 10 were executed, 234 transported for life, and 205 transported or imprisoned to hard labour for various periods—of the latter, three are females.

VETERINARY.

The stolen leap.—A very valuable mare, employed by Mr. Neyler, of Cheltenham, in the posting business, foaled a remarkable fine colt, on the

night of Friday, March 17, under extraordinary circumstances. There was so little idea of her being in foal, that she had been worked all the week, and on Friday was driven to Northleach, and did not return till twelve o'clock at night, when she was put into the stable without any apparent ailment. In the morning, to the astonishment of the stable-keeper, the colt was found by her side.

"She never told her love."

* * This occurrence is finely illustrative of a suggestion thrown out in a former number of the *Annals of Sporting*, in an article on training and feeding, viz. that mares do better which are *worked* up to the day of foaling, if the labour is lessened as they grow more and more unwieldy.

Remarkable production.—A gallopway cow, the property of Mr. James Nichol, of Stainton, in Cumberland, brought forth a calf, about the 20th of March, after a gestation of nearly thirteen months, of the following very extraordinary dimensions and weight:—Length from the nose to the root of the tail, six feet six inches. Height, three feet four inches. Length of the tail, twenty-one inches. Total weight, nine stone and three pounds: weight of the skin alone, seventeen pounds. Of course, it could not be taken away so as to preserve life; but the cow is doing well. This proves that we ought not to be impatient though nature be a little wayward at times; but await her dictates and observe her ways.

Another cow, the property of Mr. William White, farmer, parish of Suby, Bucks, on Tuesday, March 29, calved a calf with two heads. The two necks projected from the shoulders, and were formed beautifully. It lived three days; and when milk was given to it, took it with both mouths; and when it roared the sound proceeded from both. It was dissected by a surgical gentleman in the neighbourhood; the two necks had all the organs, blood-vessels, &c. necessary, and had it not been neglected the night it was calved, no

doubt is entertained but it would have lived.

At Brighton they have been remarkably unluckily latterly, e. g. On Sunday, April 9, a fine horse, belonging to Snow and Co. stage-coach proprietors, after being released from the carriage in the stable-yard, in George-street, and finding himself without control, though with the stage harness yet about him, bolted suddenly from the yard, darted up George-street, into Edward-street, but, overshooting the turning, he dashed against a house on the opposite side of the way, and literally forced some of his ribs, or rather, parts of them from his body. He staggered a few paces after the horrible catastrophe, and then dropped to the earth and died.

Docking.—The very spirited gig-horse of Sir Riggs Falconer, having been recently *docked*, was, nevertheless, harnessed too early, or, at least, too hard up; for, upon driving him down the West Cliff, in the afternoon of April 7, the tail came at each step in contact with the splashing-board; and, in consequence, plunged greatly, Sir H. F. and his groom being thrown over; he then darted off with the vehicle, and, after dashing it in pieces, he was secured, a little hurt by the extra excursion. The gentleman and his servant both received contusions, besides a few acute wounds. Had the party turned round the head of the horse up hill, the cause of irritation would have ceased.

Inhumanity.—On Thursday, March 30, some inhuman wretch brutally stabbed a donkey, belonging to Mr. G. Cooper, which was grazing in the Bachelor's Acre, near Windsor, near the hip, apparently with a bayonet, or some other three-edged instrument. The poor animal appeared, by the traces of blood about the Acre, to have suffered for a considerable time before it died. Let us hope the author of such a wanton act of cruelty will not remain long undiscovered, and get soundly trounced by the *common law* of the land, in preference to the *Statute*.

STALLIONS,

(Continued from page 190.)

Advertised for the present Season, specifying their Ages, Colours, Breeds, &c. with the Charge for Blood Mares, exclusive of the Grooms' Fees.

"Ye sours of the turf, sprightly racers who love,
Now, now is the season your breed to improve."

[Note.—The figures before the names denote the age of the horses on May 1, 1826.]

	£	s.	d.
9 Abjer, br. by Truffle, out of Briseis by Beningbrough; grandam Lady Jane by Sir Peter: at Staughton-Lodge, near Kimbolton	10	10	0
Alfred, br. by Fitzteazle, dam by Stripling; grandam by Hyacinthus: at Gatacre-Park, near Bridgnorth	5	0	0
12 Auacreon, b. by Walton out of Goosander by Hambletonian; grandam Rally by Trumpator: at Eggesford, near Chumleigh, Devon	6	6	0
Androgeus, gr. by Minos, out of Miss Cragie by Orville; grandam Marcioness by Lurcher: at Haigh-Park, near Leeds (<i>net</i>).	5	10	0
Cardinal, br. by Waxy Pope, dam by Swindler out of Miss Doe: at Cranham-Lodge, near Romford, Essex	3	3	0
21 Clinker, br. by Sir Peter out of Hyale by Phenomenon; grandam Rally by Trumpator: Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire	5	5	0
14 Congress, b. (<i>the celebrated trotting blood horse</i>) by Haphazard, dam (sister to Petworth) by Precipitate; grandam by Woodpecker: at North Walsham, Norfolk	5	5	0
7 Corinthian, ch. by Comus, out of Louisa by Orville; grandam Thomasina by Timothy: at Barrock-Lodge, near Carlisle, Cumberland (<i>net</i>).	5	5	0
Driver (<i>a fast trotting stallion</i>) by Old Fireaway: at the Rockingham Inn, Doncaster	1	11	6
12 Duplicate, b. by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Beningbrough; grandam by Delpini—Schoolmistress by Ranthus: at Barmby Moor	7	7	0
15 Friday, b. by Washington out of Louisa by Buzzard; grandam Garland by Mercury: at Chelmsford and the neighbourhood	5	5	0
12 Fitzorville, br. by Orville out of Sheba's Queen by Sir Solomon; grandam by Weathercock out of Cora by Match'em: at Stratford-on-Avon	3	3	0
7 Guerilla, b. by Partisan out of Coquette by Dick Andrews; grandam Vanity by Buzzard: at Dunstan-Steads, near Alnwick	5	5	0
23 Hedley, b. by Gobanna out of Catherine by Woodpecker: at Stratford-on-Avon	5	5	0
20 Huntingdon, b. by Ambrosio out of Rosetta by Young Woodpecker; grandam Equity by Dungannon: at Shelton, Long Stratton, Norfolk	3	3	0
Lanzkoi (said to be a pure Arabian): at Bawtry, Doncaster, Retford, &c.	2	2	0
12 Ledston, b. by Wizard, out of sister to Smuggler by Hambletonian; grandam Maria by Telemachus: at Northallerton	5	5	0
6 Lottery, b. by Tramp, out of Mandane by Pot8os; grandam Young Camilla by Woodpecker: at Dowthorpe-Hall, near Hull	15	15	0
11 Mandeville, ch. by Young Woodpecker out of Platina by Mercury; grandam by Herod: Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire	5	5	0
4 Middleton, cb. by Phantom out of Web by Waxy; grandam Penelope by Trumpator: at Newmarket	10	0	0
Minor, by Minos: at Gilling, near Richmond, Yorksire	5	5	0
7 Moses, b. by Whalebone out of sister to Castanea by Gohanna: at Hampton-Court	10	10	0
10 Necromancer, b. by Young Sorcerer out of Mrs. Clarke by Charter; grandam (sister to Cheshire Cheese) by Sir Peter: at Thornton-le-clay, near Spittle Bridge	5	5	0
8 Newmarket, ch. by Cardinal York out of Selima by Selim; grandam by Pot8os out of Editba by Herod: at Cranham-Lodge, near Romford, Essex (<i>net</i>).	2	15	0
11 Otho, b. by Sir Paul out of Marcia by Coriander; grandam Faith by Pacolet out of Atalanta by Match'em: in the neighbourhood of Coldstream	5	5	0

10 Percy, br. by Walton, dam by Delpini; grandam by Beningbrough: at Brumpton-upon-Swale.....	5	5	0
18 Phantom, for the remainder of the season, at Newmarket	21	0	0
10 Proselyte, br. by Sorcerer out of Pope Joan by Waxy; grandam Prunella by Highflyer: near Sleaford.....	3	3	0
11 Ranter, b. by Comus out of sister to Rosette: at Evington, near Canterbury	5	0	0
8 Richard, b. for the remainder of the season, will cover at Knight's Hill Cottage, Dulwich, Surrey	5	0	0
11 Spectre, b. by Phantom out of Fillikins by Gouty: at Presteigne, Radnorshire	10	10	0
7 Sultan (Sir John Malcolm's Arabian) thirty mares only: at the Horse Bazaar, Portman-street	7	7	0
6 St. Leger, by Octavius, dam by Skiddaw; grandam by Clayhall Marske: at Allerton Bywater, near Ferrybridge	5	5	0
9 Sir Thomas, b. by Whitworth out of Arabella by Williamson's Ditto; grandam Estlier (sister to Staveley) by Shuttle: at Champfleurie, near Linlithgow: thorough-bred mares, above 15 hands high	<i>gratuitously</i>		
16 Smolensko, for the remainder of the season, at Stockwell, Surrey ..	10	10	0
7 Theodore, b. by Woful, dam (Blacklock's dam) by Coriander; grandam Wildgoose by Highflyer: at Castle Howard.....	5	5	0
Toby, b. by Sir Charles, dam by Emperor; grandam by Stride: at Blyth	1	11	6
11 Wildfire, ro. ch. late Young Fireaway (<i>a celebrated trotter</i>) by Old Fireaway, dam Norfolk bred, by Skyscraper: at Shipton, near York.....	2	2	0
23 Woldsman, br. by Sir Peter out of Young Rachel by Volunteer; grandam Rachel by Highflyer: at Osberton: twenty-five mares only, besides those of his owner (<i>net</i>)	5	0	0
7 Wanton, br. by Frolic, dam by Orville: at Fakenham, Norfolk	2	2	0
6 Young Shales, gr. by Shales, dam by Wroot's Pretender; grandam by Swaine: at North Walsham, Norfolk	2	2	0
Young Sir Peter, b. by Young Beningbrough, dam by Sir Peter Teazle; grandam by Diomed: at Whixley, near Green Hammerton.....	6	0	0
13 Zeno, gr. by Camillus, dam (sister to Langton) by Precipitate; grandam (sister to Escape) by Highflyer: at Nottingham	5	5	0

Turf Intelligence Extra.

"I have heard of riding wagers where horses have been nimbler than the sands that run i' the clock's behalf."—SHAKSP. *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 2.

Races approaching.

Chester	May	1	Winchester	Aug.	2
Newmarket Second Spring		8	Montrose		3
York		15	Newcastle, Staffordshire ..		8
Manchester		16	The Pottery		10
Epsom		23	Wolverhampton		14
Ascot-Heath	June	6	Burton-upon-Trent		24
Newton		14	Warwick	Sept.	5
Bibury		20	Lichfield.....		12
Buxton		21	Tewkesbury		14
Leeds		27	Doncaster		18
Tenbury		29	Margate		20
Newcastle-upon-Tyne	July	3	Leicester		20
Ludlow		5	Northampton.....		27
Newmarket July		10	Walsall		27
Cheltenham		19	Brecon		28
Chelmsford		25	Newmarket	Oct.	2
Knutsford		25	Richmond		3
Kendal	Aug.	1	Newmarket		16
Blandford		1	Newmarket, Houghton ..		30

Newmarket, April 20, 1826.

SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1826.

Monday.—D. of Grafton's ch. c. Rufus, by Election, out of Prudence, 8st. 7lb. agst Ld Orford's ch. c. Fleance, by Comus, out of Macduff's dam, 8st. [D. M.] 200 sovs.

FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1826.

Last Day.—Mr. Greville's Elizabeth, by Rainbow, out of Belvoirina, agst Ld Jersey's Henrica, by Woful, out of Master Henry's dam, 8st. 7lb. each. [T. Y. C.] 100 b. ft.

HOUGHTON MEETING, 1826.

Thursday.—Mr. Mills's Apelles, by Rubens, dam by Woful, against Mr. Greville's c. by Whalebone, out of Gramarie, 8st. 5lb. each. [R. M.] 100 h. ft.

CRAVEN MEETING, 1827.

Monday.—Mr. Mills's Panic, by Spectre, out of Zuleika, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Greville's Elizabeth, by Rainbow, 8st. 4lb. [A. F.] 500 h. ft.

April 21, 1826.

It is ordered by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, that, in future, the settling for the Derby and Oaks Stakes shall take place, at Messrs. Tattersall's, on the Tuesday after the Epsom Races, instead of the Monday, as formerly.

ASCOT HEATH, 1826.

First Day.—Ld Jersey's Butterfly, by Magistrate, out of Filagree, agst Mr. Greville's Elizabeth, by Rainbow, 8st. 5lb. each. [N. M.] 100 b. ft.

Second Day.—The ALBANY STAKES of 50 sovs each, h. ft. for three yrs old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies 8st. 5lb. The winner of the 2000 gs Stakes, Derby, or Oaks, to carry 5lb. extra. [The New Mile.]

H. R. H. the D. of York's Elizabeth, by Rainbow.

D. of Grafton's ch. c. Norman, by Abjer, out of Rowena.

D. of Grafton's Paul Jones, by Partisan, out of Niobe.

Mr. J. Pickford's ch. c. The Captain, by Abjer, out of sister to Petworth.

Mr. J. Rogers's Waterman, by Woful, out of Rivulet.

Mr. Lambton's c. by Waterloo, dam by Sootsayer.

The SWINLEY STAKES of 25 sovs each, for three-yr olds, 7st. 4lb. and four, 8st. 10lb. fillies allowed 3lb. [The last mile and half.] To start at the Swinley Post.

D. of Grafton's Paul Jones, by Partisan, out of Niobe, 3 yrs.

Mr. Hervey's ch. f. Larissa, by Rubens, dam by Squire Teazle, 3 yrs.

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Tears, by Woful, dam by Scud or Sorcerer, 3 yrs.

Ld Tavistock's ch. f. Leeway, by Aladdin, out of Johanna Southcott, 3 yrs.

Third Day.—The WINDSOR FOREST STAKES of 50 sovs each, h. ft. for three yrs old fillies, 8st. 4lb. The winner of the 2000 gs Stakes, Derby, or Oaks, to carry 5 lb. extra. [Old Mile.]

D. of Grafton's Cremona, by Partisan, out of Catgut.

Mr. Greville's Fawn, by Smolensko, out of Jerboa.

Ld Warwick's b. f. by Partisan, out of Cardinal Puff's dam.

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Tears, by Woful, dam by Scud or Sorcerer.

Last Day.—Mr. Greville's Elizabeth, by Rainbow, 8st. 6lb. agst Col. Russell's Leeway, by Aladdin, 8st. 2lb. [Last mile and half.] 100 h. ft.

DONCASTER, 1826.

Friday.—Mr. Yates's br. c. Sharpshooter, by Paulowitz, out of Lady of the Lake, agst Mr. Russell's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy, 8st. each. [Red House in.] 500 sovs, h. ft.

CHELTENHAM.

A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs, by subscribers of 10 sovs each, the surplus in specie, three yr olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb. [Cup Course, about three miles.] (16 subs.)
 Mr. Canniug's b. f. by Crecy, out of Morgiana, 3 yrs.
 Mr. Polhllil names b. m. Reality, by Anticipation, 5 yrs.
 Mr. Dolphin names ch. f. Miss West, by Rubens, 4 yrs.
 Mr. Browne names ch. c. Burgundy, by Usquebaugh, 4 yrs.
 Sir S. Stewart names o. f. Resemblance, by Gainsborough, out of Reality's dam, 3 yrs.
 Sir S. Stewart names br. c. Comedian, by Comus, 4 yrs.
 Mr. Mytton's Longwaist, by Whalebone, 5 yrs.
 Mr. Mytton's Whittington, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs.
 Mr. Mytton's Euphrates, by Quiz, aged.
 Mr. F. Craven's Triumph, by Fyldener, 6 yrs.
 Mr. F. Craven's b. c. Cricketer, by Octavius, 4 yrs.
 Mr. O. Gore's br. c. The Moor, by Muley, 4 yrs.
 Ld Sherborne names Phantasma, by Phantom, 4 yrs.
 Mr. Whiteside's Picton, by Smolensko, aged.
 Mr. West and Mr. Elwes are subscribers, but did not name.

EGHAM.

First Day.—A GOLD CUP, of value, the winner to be paid in specie, by a subscription of 10 sovs each; if more than 10 subscribers, the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake: three yrs old to carry 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 2lb. M. and G. allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 500 sovs, if demanded, &c. [Two miles and a half.] (12 subs.)

D. of Richmond's Phantasma, by Phantom, 4 yrs.
 Ld Mountcharles names Burgundy, by Usquebaugh, 4 yrs.
 Ld Egremont's ch. c. (brother to Spree) by Frolic, 3 yrs.
 Mr. Whiteside's br. h. Picton, by Smoleusko, aged.
 Mr. Ramsbottom's ch. c. by Irish Hollyhock, out of Jannette, by Buffer, 3 yrs.
 Col. Wood names ch. c. by Pan, out of Vale Royal, 3 yrs.
 Mr. Dennison names Mr. Fleming's ch. c. by Andrew, dam by Soothsayer, 3 yrs.
 Ld Palmerston's Greylcg, by Phantom, 4 yrs.
 Mr. Tyr. Jones's ch. f. Partial, by Soothsayer, out of Prosody's dam, 4 yrs.
 Mr. Barker's b. c. Ilderim, by Comus, out of Promise, 4 yrs.
 Mr. T. Scaith's Frogmore, by Phantom, 4 yrs.
 Mr. Messer's Conviction, 5 yrs.

The *Magna Charta* and *Two yrs old Stakes* are re-opened; they will close on the Monday after Ascot.

Myrmidon, by Partisan, out of Seamew, and the Arabian stallion *Pet* (first called Borac) brought to this country by Sir W. Rumbold, have been purchased for the King of Prussia, and were shipped for Hamburg, March 31st.

It has been officially announced to us that the Races at Lambton-Park (1826) will not take place.

We take the liberty of reminding our turf-friends, that, by the 24th Geo. III. cap. 31, sec. 5, a penalty of £20 is imposed upon any person running a horse for any plate, prize, or sum of money, without having first paid into the hands of the Clerk of the Course the Duty of Two Guineas, or having produced a certificate that the duty, which is annual, has been paid.

We are sorry to learn that the health of J. G. LAMBTON, Esq. continues in a state that makes it necessary for him to seek a change of air and warmer climate; he is, therefore, going shortly in a yacht to the Mediterranean.—*York Herald*.

DERBY.

	Mar. 30.	April 3.	10.	20.
Agst Monarch.....	9 to 2	5 to 1	9 to 2	4 to 1
Panic	7 to 1	17 to 2	17 to 2	7 to 1
Advance	14 to 1	8 to 1*	9 to 1	16 to 1
Moslem	14 to 1	14 to 1	9 to 1	5 to 1
Pluto	18 to 1	20 to 1	20 to 1	18 to 1
The General	20 to 1	18 to 1	19 to 1	22 to 1
Sophist	22 to 1	—	25 to 1	25 to 1
Goddard's	22 to 1	—	25 to 1	28 to 1
Twatty	25 to 1	—	28 to 1	—
Rowena (Norman).....	25 to 1	22 to 1	30 to 1	—
Premier	27 to 1	—	30 to 1	—
Henry	30 to 1	30 to 1	30 to 1	30 to 1
Waterman	33 to 1	35 to 1	50 to 1	—
Dervise	35 to 1	—	33 to 1	28 to 1

OAKS.

Agst Butterfly (late Filagree)	13 to 2	11 to 2*	11 to 2	13 to 3*
Mignonette.....	6 to 1	13 to 2	13 to 2	9 to 1
Pawn	15 to 2	7 to 1	15 to 2	7 to 1
Henrica	8 to 1	17 to 2	17 to 2	—
Rachael	9 to 1	10 to 1	11 to 1	10 to 1
Elizabeth	11 to 1	23 to 2	12 to 1	12 to 1
Parapluie	18 to 1	22 to 1	22 to 1	8 to 1
Bo-Peep.....	14 to 1	15 to 1	15 to 1	14 to 1
Morel	—	—	20 to 1	14 to 1
Tears	—	—	20 to 1	18 to 1

ST. LEGER.

Agst Bedlamite	7 to 1	15 to 2	7 to 1	—
Crusader.....	11 to 1	22 to 1	14 to 1	—
Belzoni	14 to 1	23 to 2	13 to 1	—
Fanny	15 to 1	18 to 1	16 to 1	—
Barataria	18 to 1	20 to 1	18 to 1	—
Calypso	30 to 1	25 to 1	22 to 1	—
Panic	30 to 1	30 to 1	33 to 1	—
Barefoot	40 to 1	—	35 to 1	—

The effect of the Newmarket Craven and First Spring Meeting has been to place in their true colours the capacity of some hitherto untried favourites for doing *the thing* and none more so than the determined contest between Crusader and The General, for the Clarendon Stakes, in which they left Monarch, Parapluie, and the Moslem, behind them. Yet was busy rumour afloat on the *third*, that the first-mentioned horse had been beat by Calypso in a *trial*; and this goes to prove a remark made in our last report, that those slight particles of intelligence that are foisted upon us by a sort of side-wind at Tattersall's cannot be true: for, if they were founded in fact, the parties would keep the secret to themselves, and take all advantages of it. If a horse break down or *dies*, why there again, that is quite another guess matter, the occurrence is decisive, and concludes the sad eventful story, which nobody can deny. In the second column, it will be seen what a temporary influence that falsehood had upon people's minds; but we are much deceived if the calumniated Crusader do not take the lead of the present first favourite (Bedlamite) before the day of contest arrives.

* Of the four days above quoted, the third of April was decidedly the most busy, and Advance for the Derby and Fillagree for the Oaks were freely taken at the odds set down, when, also, the latter got up *first*, and the Oaks were the favourite stakes of the day. On the 20th, Fillagree again took the lead, and some large sums were laid so high as 7 to 2, but we as usual give the average of several, the betting having began at 11 to 2 upon her, and gradually rose higher and higher.

The quotations on the 10th are chiefly nominal, or for small sums, the greater part of the round bettors being off to Newmarket; leaving the odds in the same state as they had been on the 6th. Much the same occurred on the 20th, when there was a good deal of minor business done at the coffee-houses after dinner, but the St. Leger scarcely mentioned. In consequence of Bizarre beating Serab, Sligo, Double Entendre, &c. and Rachael beating Partisan, Pantina, &c. *in style*, some of the book-keepers will have all their work to do over again, in order to keep square with the world.

THE SPORTSMAN'S LEVEE; OR, THE EDITOR AT HOME.

"Believe it, as our *understanding* instructs us, and as our *honesty* puts it to utterance."—SHAKESPEARE. *Winter's Tale*.

"These are *particular friends* of ours, whose *remarks* may be of *great service*; then up curtain, and let us see what our *painters have done for us*."—SHERIDAN. *Critic*.

In our present number, we have, by inserting their communications, endeavoured to discharge sundry and serious debts to long-standing creditors. This act of honesty has compelled the postponement of newer favours, as have the kindness of correspondents led to the contracting of fresh obligations. We shall, however, like honest, pains-taking people as we are, endeavour to balance our engagements without calling a meeting of creditors, or offering a shabby composition. We are of those who do not "keep the word of *promise* to the ear to *break it to the sense*." With these few words of preface, we address ourselves to the duties of the "levee," and, in the words of a very old play, (black letter, and perfectly unique,) can, conscientiously, exclaim—"by the mass, these *missives*, which our *helpers* let fly, strike, like well-trained falcons, immediately as we unhood them, their quarry; and we were marvelously distraught not to wing a feather, an it were our cloth-yard shaft, into the clout ourselves, by way of *answer* to such gentle greetings: albeit that we draw a bow weaker than Ulysses, and have not the Syren's tongue."

Confidence on the one side should beget a corresponding feeling on the other. Our Newcastle friend, "An admirer of the game-cock," who has favoured us with his address, may depend upon our exertions. We purpose attending a *pit*, (not of the *playhouse*, seeing we are free of the *boxes*,) very shortly, and hope soon to fit him, in all the grace and grandeur of the chivalric ages, with his *spurs*.

A *leash* of thanks (the number suits his initials) are due to E. W. J. of Chester. First, for the "apology" touching the "promised drawing;" next, for the offer of the "Better's" report; and, lastly, for "The Courant." Those good things received are welcome; those *offered* will be so. Our article, "The Turf," in the current number, will convince him what importance we place upon the details of leading race-meetings; and, as we hope, ere long, to give an unexceptionable portrait of our old acquaintance, Longwaist, any intelligence from the place of his performances must be an object gratifying to obtain.

What shall we say to "A new Subscriber," who dates to us from Doncaster? Walpole, the politician, used to affirm that every man had his *price*: we beg to assure our panegyrist of the North, that flattery is not *ours*. Still we most heartily thank him for his "suggestions," and good opinion of us, and shall study to retain the latter, whilst we consider the former. Our anonymous champion writes so well, that we really wish he would enable us to "gratify him in inserting his letters," by forwarding, occasionally, details of field-sports, &c. &c. in which he might have participated, inasmuch as we can unaffectedly assure him that, with letters containing sentiments like his, (and some of them do us but justice,) we could fill a number, but that we prefer communications which would appear interesting to our readers, rather than such as eulogize our own exertions. Let him join our Nimrods, and "open" like one, he will be listened to.

When we tell "An old Sportsman" that *Mandane* is already *canvassed* for us, and that we shall shortly ask his *vote* in her praise, we cannot doubt but that a *candidate* for his continued good wishes, we shall gain our *election*. We wish our liberal-minded correspondent were as powerful as *Mecænas*, for there would then be more Virgils than now seem to abound.

S. B. A——e (St. Boswell's) will be, indeed, welcome, and the "produce of his cogitations" find a ready insertion in what he pleases to call our "entertaining and intelligent compendium." In the grouse-season we shall depend upon him.

We beg T. B. J., (Liverpool,) L. W., G. S., T., J. B. H. T., and a host of *lettered* friends, not to forget us. We wear them in our hearts and toast them in our cups. Where is Geoffrey Fieldsman? has he no other Chapter of Chronicles for us?

We thank "A stag-hunter" for his account of the extraordinary chase at Brighton, but it was too late for the body of our work: he will find the best points of his communication in our "Sporting Occurrences." The same answer will apply to J. S., who has sent us details of the Royal Hunt. Pray let our correspondents remember the 15th of the month.

The Newmarket First Spring Meeting came on too late for our use and service; that and the Epsom shall receive due illustration in our next.